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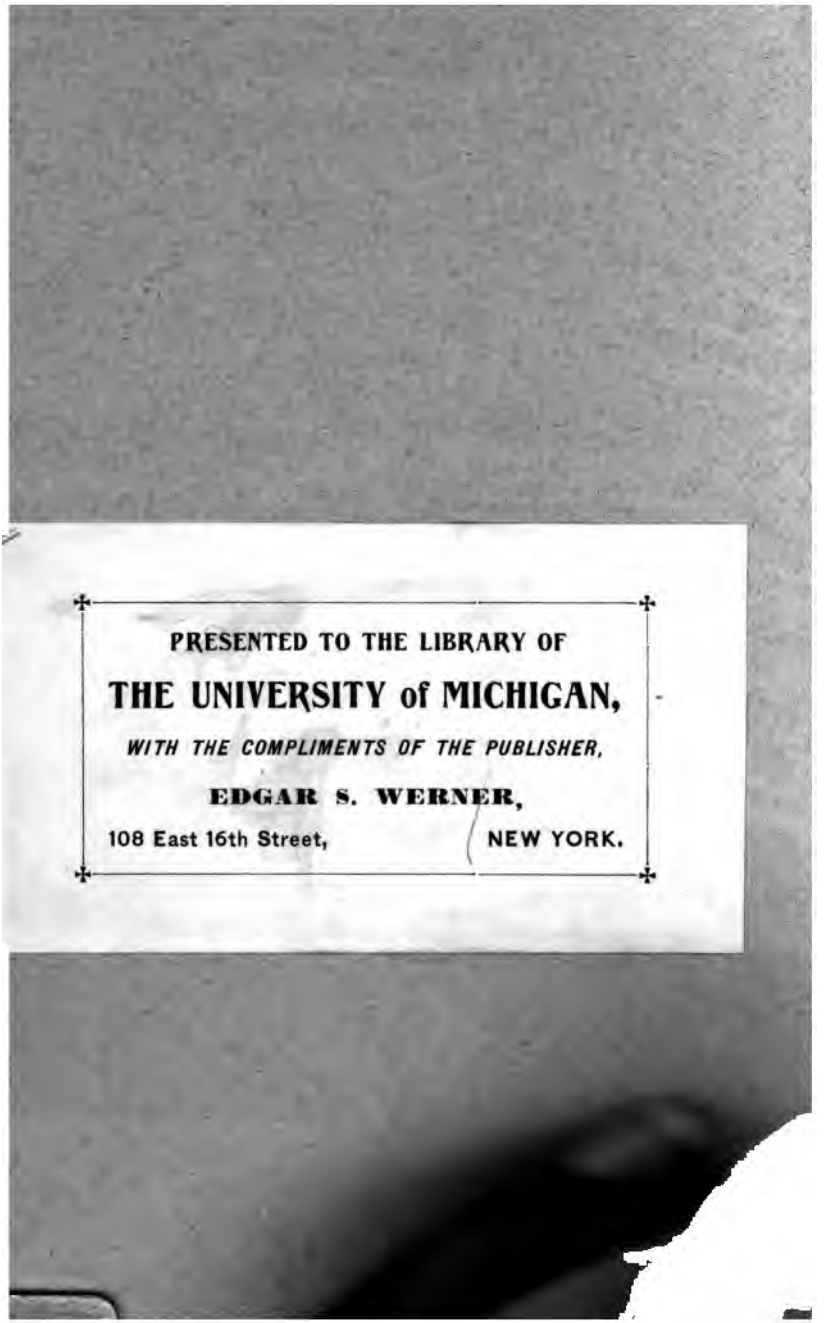
WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 4

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
By
ELSIE M. WILBOR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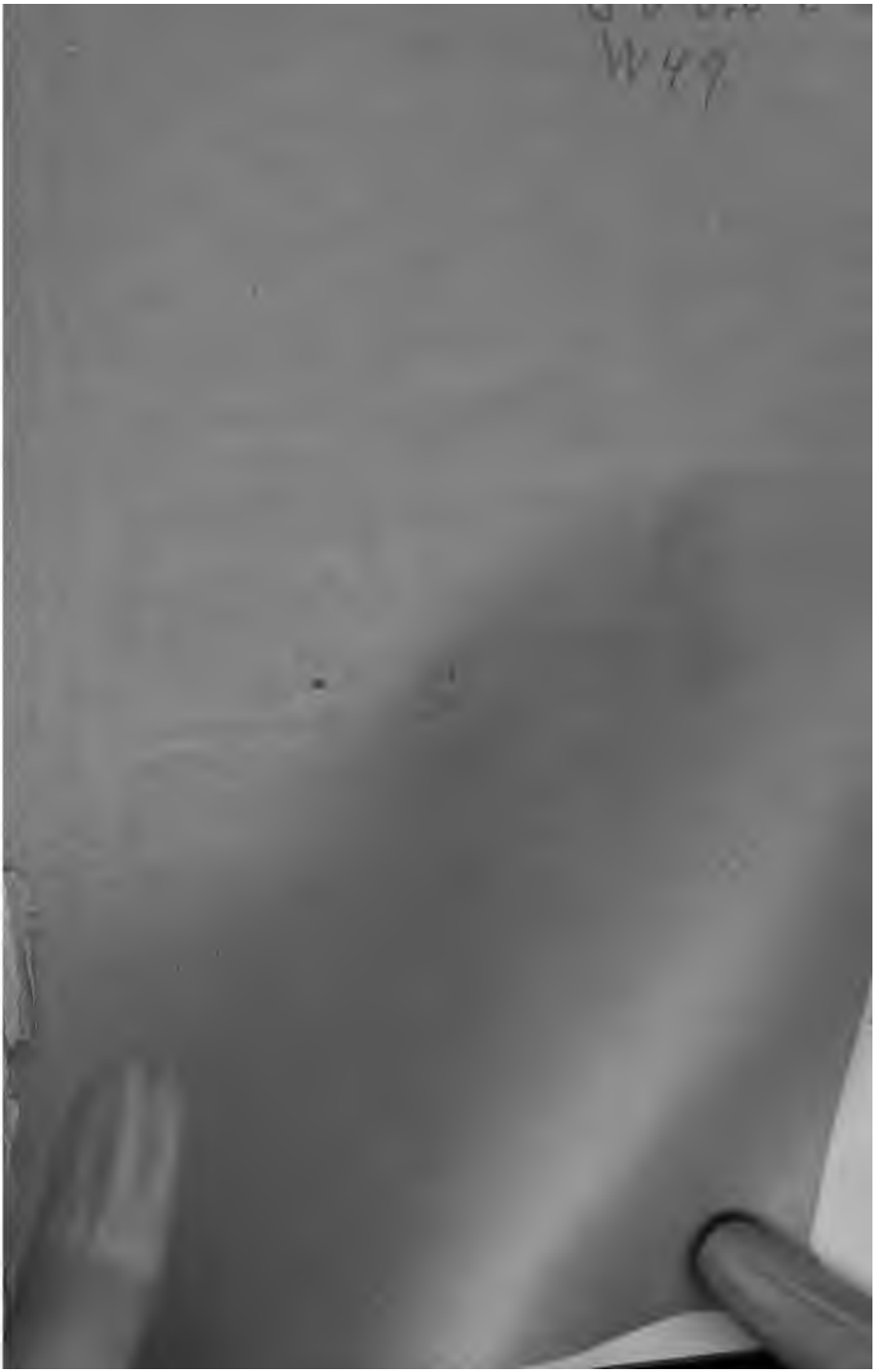

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READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

5-2290

No. 4.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

ELSIE M. WILBOR.

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1891.

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1891.

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WERNER'S
Readings and Recitations.
No. 4.

JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON.

MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

[Joan of Arc was obliged to submit to various private examinations in her prison. The Bishop wished to put her to the rack, and the instruments of torture were placed before her; but the dreadful sight was incapable of betraying her into any variation or equivocation in her answers.—*History of France.*]

A DUNGEON'S glooms are round the maid, and dark-browed men are nigh,
And bitter are the mocking words that tell her she must die;
Yet o'er her cheek and full bright eyes there comes no terror now,
And not a craven muscle moves upon her fair white brow.
"But there are things that yet shall bid that haughty spirit quail,
Things at whose very name alone that stubborn will shall fail;
Scourge, torture, flame—think well of these! and Seine's unresting wave,
Where thy base ashes yet shall find a wild, unhallowed grave!"

Sure, this is doom that well may blanch the sternest maiden's cheek,
And make her lofty courage bow, subdued, and tame, and weak.
In vain! there's but a prouder glance of the unshrinking eye
As high she lifts her fettered hand: "Think ye I fear to die?
Have I not borne my bannered cross with a defenceless hand,
Amidst your ranks of bravest steel, the sternest of your land?
Have I not smiled at sword and spear, when on the purple plain
Mine own life blood went streaming down amongst your thousand slain?

"Talk ye of torture now? Go; learn the prisoner and the slave
Knows of no torture save the walls that build his living grave;
No anguish like the thwarted will, the energies in chains;

Think ye the spirit that bears these can shrink from meaner pains?"
They listen to those haughty words; they thought to work despair,
But clear and sweet, the firm, rich tones float on the dungeon air.
"Ha! fearest thou not to die, proud girl, to die in anguish vain,
So nations shall look on, and mourn the maiden-leader slain,

"The warrior-saint, whose very name was terror to the foe,
At which e'en England's chieftains quailed till justice laid her low!
Thou diest not thus; 'mid scoffs and jeers that fatal hour shall fly;
Ay, we can pluck the triumph yet from out thy glazing eye!"
She stands erect, and, flinging back the clustering raven hair,
Meets with a free, undaunted smile the scornful glances there.

"Vain, foolish men! and what have I to do with shame and fear?
My lofty mission doth not own a base-born hope or tear.
Was I not called to cast away the joy of woman's life,
To tread the camp with mail-clad men, and lead the van of strife?
The sent of Heaven, I came to free our soil from foreign tread,
And place my country's crown again upon her monarch's head;
And now my trust is all fulfilled: and shall I dread the flame?
Or weep that heartless scoffers throw their falsehoods on my name?"

"Joan! Joan! Through vine-wreathed haunts thy careless brothers play;
Thy gray-haired father tends his flocks where laughing brooklets stray,
And thy sad mother weeps alone beneath the cottage trees,
And listens, listens for thy voice in every passing breeze."
O now, Joan, thy soul is moved. Soft visions round thee sweep—
Scenes that have long been far away, except in fitful sleep;
Memories that on thy triumph day o'ercast thine eyes with tears;
That dear, dear home, and all that made the joy of girlhood's years.

"And shall I never see thee more, mine own delightful home?
Nor fetterless as thy free winds, among thy green fields roam?
Those singing brooks! and shall their tones be never in mine ear,

And those dear voices I could die but only once to hear ?
O mother ! mother !" And her words sank down to murmurs low,
And the fair face wears a mournful cloud upon its beauty now.
She does not heed those cruel men ; her life is in her dreams,
'Mid olive dells and vine-clad hills, her native woods and streams.

"They bade me go ! How could I stay, though grief they might not speak
Was written on my father's brow, and on my mother's cheek ?
I left them all. O Thou in heaven, mine only Father now,
Thou knowest that I have done Thy will, and kept my sacred vow;
And Thine own holy ones have come to chase the fiends away,
Who sought among my dungeon glooms to make my mind their prey ;
I thank Thee, Father, for that sign ; now when the stake is piled,
I know, All Just and Blessed One, Thou wilt not leave Thy child."

Those fierce and iron men stand mute, a chill is on their frames,
As if they more than half believe her high and holy claims,
And round the dimly lighted cell they cast a fearful eye,
To catch, perchance, those shadowy forms they almost deem are nigh.
She speaks again : "Go build the pile ! The dead alone are free !
And on your future battle-fields my spirit yet shall be.
My voice shall rouse the sinking heart, when terror hath its hour,
And nerve the bravest warrior's arm with tenfold skill and power ;

"When from my country's wakened sword your bannered bands shall flee,
And England's chivalry is low, ye will remember me.
I see ! I see ! The light of death makes all things bright and clear,
And down, far down the future's depths, what glorious scenes appear !
Brave women, too, at Freedom's call shall cast aside the lyre,
And on the block, with smiling lip and radiant eye, expire.
The grand in intellect and pure—a glorious starry band,
Thy women martyrs yet shall be, O mine own hero-land !"

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WUST scrape I eber got into wid ole Marsa John was ober a goose. I come into de kitchen one day when de dinner was gittin' ready, an' de cook had gone to de spring.

"What's cookin' dat smells so nice?" I says to myself. "Dat mus' be a goose cookin' for Marsa John's dinner, for de comp'ny."

Wid dat I grabs a carvin' knife, opens de oven do', and cuts off a leg ob de goose. 'Fo' I knowed whar I was, Marsa John come to de do' an' says:

"Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner."

Well, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom ob de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet taters an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I got de baked ham an' put it on wid some mo' dishes, an' Marsa says, lookin' up:

"I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?"

"I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose," I says. "I'll ask de cook."

Next minute I yerd ol' Marsa a-hollerin':

"Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?"

"Lord-a-massy! yes, Marsa. Chad, you w'uthless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?"

"Is we got a goose?" said I.

"Is we got a goose? Didn't you help pick it?"

I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slid de goose in just as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner," says ole Marsa, pickin' up his carvin' knife.

"What'll you take for dinner, Miss?" says I. "Baked ham?"

"No," says she, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat. "I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose."

Well, Marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, "Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have."

"What 'll you take for dinner, sah?" says I. "Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?"

"No; I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose."

I didn't say nuffin, but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it. But you oughter seen ole Marsa lookin' for de udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled carvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish, an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:

"Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?"

"It didn't hab none," says I.

"You mean to say dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?"

"Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, Marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little hurried to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust."

"Well," said he, "I'll settle wid ye after dinner."

Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy, an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen an' says: "Now come down to de duck-pond. I'm gwine to show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' dan one leg."

I followed 'long, an' when we got to de pond dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle ob dat ole goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing.

"Dar, Marsa," says I, "don't you see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de bery match ob de one we had to-day."

Den de ladies all hollered, an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"Stop, you black scoundrel!" Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. "Shoo!"

I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"Now, you lyin' nigger," he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, "I'll show you——"

"Stop, Marsa John!" I hollered; "'tain't fair, 'tain't fair."

"Why ain't it fair?" says he.

"'Cause," says I, "you didn't say 'shoo' to de goose what was on de table!"

NEW-FASHIONED SINGIN'.

HENRY B. SMITH.

AFORE Sue went ter town ter school,
She sung as nat'ral as a bird;
She didn't warble then by rule,
But when her pipin' voice I heard
I'd quit work jest ter hev a tune;
The men about the place did, too;
But sence she came from school last June
She don't sing like she used ter do.

In singin' I'm a tarnal dunce,
Somehow I can't stick ter an air,
But when a lot sings all ter once,
I growl a few words here and there.
But Sue, a baby, tired of play,
Inter her mother's arms 'ud creep,
An', in her drowsy little way,
She'd kind o' sing herself ter sleep.

I liked her hymn tunes mighty well;
Her hymns in gen'ral struck me right,
Like "Dennis" and old "Silver Street;"
And there was one—my favorite.
Now how was it that tune, began?
I only recollect a bit—
"Her brow was like the snowdrop, an'
Her throat was like the swan's," that's it.

An' then there was a song about
"Endearin' young charms" an' ez how
If she could lose them charms, no doubt
The feller'd love her just ez now.
An' one about a gal whose beau
Was not well fixed and went away;
Then ez her father's funds was low,
She took a chap named "Robin Gray."

An' now all day she caterwauls
Four hours or so, an' never fails
At lot's o' monkey shines she calls
Her exercisin' an' her scales.
The same consists o' prancin' roun'
With whirligigs an' curleykews,
An' caperin' up an' mincin' down,
With no more tune than squeaky shoes.

An' if so be her ma observes,
"Yer pa would like ter hear ye sing,"
She then begins ter rack my nerves
With some consarned Eyetalian thing.
These songs that's writ in furrin tongues
Are mighty high-toned tunes, may be;
They may be good ter test the lungs,
But words jest makes a song fer me.

I don't enjoy her singin, much,
I s'pose my taste is kinder rough,
An' all the things she's larned is such
Gymnastic, hyfalutin' stuff.
Them hymn tunes now she says is queer,
I ain't no doubt but what that's true;
But still I wisht she'd let us hear
The old songs like she used ter do.

TOLD BY THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

S. B. McBEATH.

"OFTEN have strange cases?" Yes, sir; frequently a case lies here
With a story interesting, oft pathetic, sometimes queer—
Novel-like, were not the heroes flesh and blood, as I and you.
Such a one I well remember—patient Number Fifty-two.
In the road a toddling child, a mother's agonizing scream,
And thundering down the roadway speeds a carter's frightened team.
All unnerved stares each bystander, seems there's nothing can be done;
A sudden rush, a hasty clutch, and the child from death is won.
But a horrid sight lies in the road for the gathering crowd to view—
A brave man crushed by the cruel wheels—he filled bed Fifty-two.
Through that night he suffered greatly, bravely bore it, Fifty-two;
But the morning breaking gently, saw his hours on earth were few,
So I sat me down beside him, hinting with a bated breath
Life to all was so uncertain; had he ever thought of death?
Would he hear the Bible woman tell the tale of heavenly love,
Of the calm and peaceful haven far beyond the stars above?
"Yes," he whispered, "bring her to me; let me hear the good old Book."
Quickly came the Bible woman, by his bed her seat she took.
Quietly I stole away then, leaving her by Fifty-two,
Gently telling in her own way story old yet ever new.
But ere long the Bible woman beckoned me to come again,

Fifty-two was fast succumbing, death's cold creeping numbed
his pain.
This I saw and whispered softly, "Ask him if we cannot send
Anywhere that he might mention, anywhere he has a friend."
Once again did she address him, with her soft hand on his brow
Smoothed the burning, throbbing temples, "Fifty-two, you'll tell
me now.
Let me take a cherished message, let me tell your conduct brave,
How you dashed into the roadway, risked your life a child's to save."
"P'raps it's best," then came his answer, "let them know the
news at home,
No need now to struggle further, for I feel my time has come.
Years ago, when but a youngster, nothing but a country lad,
Life to me seemed bright and joyous, just a round of promise glad,
For I loved the squire's daughter and she loved me as I loved.
With amaze her father heard this, hot with anger her reproved,
For such waywardness in stooping after hands by him employed.
Said 'twas but a pack of nonsense; if again she him annoyed
By such folly he would stop it. For her sake I had to go,
Quit the old folk and my sweetheart—hard to do, as lovers know,
Yet I felt a kind of lightsome; country lads they hear so much
Of the fortunes in the big towns—God knows there are few of
such;
For I've labored, hoped and struggled, while the old folk home
they died.
Long I worked on with a stout heart, picturing with honest pride,
That one day when I might venture to redeem the vow I'd made
To my cherished one that evening when we met in twilight shade.
Ere we parted, I remember being seized by lover's whim,
Pleading for some trifling token her own Jack could take with him.
Years rolled on, I wore her token with a sacredness of heart;
As a knight of old I'd promised, 'Death her charm and me should
part.'
And it's coming, creeping on me—God, how true the words are now!
'Death her charm and me should part,'" gasped he, "but I've
kept my vow."

Sinking fast, he feebly whispered, "Tell her I've been loyal, true;
Nurse, you'll say a good word, won't you, for your patient, Fifty-two?
Give her this," and then he laid bare with a trembling, nervous hand,
Round his neck a slender coil of dark brown hair in plaited band.
"Tell my Maggie I have worn it since she placed it there that night."
Here the Bible woman trembled, while her face turned ghastly white.
"Take it off, nurse, let me kiss it; say in heaven I wait for her."
But ere I could raise a finger, with excitement all astir,
Sank the little Bible woman on her knees beside his bed,
"Jack, my own Jack! here's your Maggie!" Sir, I had to turn my head.
Painter ne'er could paint the picture, round the bed of Fifty-two,
And it's useless my attempting to describe the scene to you.
How he feebly murmured, "Maggie!" How she sobbed in anguished joy,
While the old love leapt within her as she kissed her country boy.
"Strange, if true, sir?" 'Tis indeed a story true as it is queer,
And the little Bible woman since his death still visits here.
This in strictest confidence, sir. That's the little lady there
By the table tending flowers. "What about the plait of hair?"
"Nurse," said she, "like him, I'll wear it, sacred now to me is this,
Consecrated by the ritual of my brave Jack's dying kiss."

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.
"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid"
"Atchoo! atchoo! kind sir," she said.

WHEN THE HAMMOCK SWINGS.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

THE day's work is ended, all cares are forgot,
And home to my dearie and baby I go,
And in the soft mesh of my slow-swaying cot,
I find sweetest rest as I swing to and fro.
There in the twilight under the trees,
Hither and thither I sway in the breeze.
Swing-swong, swingity-swo,
That is the song my hammock sings low.
Up again, down again, gently I go,
Swing-swong, swingity-swo.

There high on my bosom, an amber-haired sprite,
Sits baby, her tiny face shimmered with glee.
Her pink little hands clap their fondest delight,
While hammock is swinging so restful and free.
There in the twilight, under the trees,
Hither and thither we sway in the breeze.
Swing-swong, swingity-swo,
That is the song my hammock sings low.
Up again, down again, gently we go,
Swing-swong, swingity-swo.

The birds in the branches above where we swing,
With throats full of music and melody sweet,
Catch up the refrain of the rust in the ring,
And add to the cadence their twittery-tweet.
There in the twilight, under the trees,
Hither and thither we sway in the breeze.
Swing-swong, swingity-swo,
That is the song my hammock sings low.

Up again, down again, gently we go,
Swing-swong, swingity-swo.

The dear little mother, with heart full of pride,
And joyous love light in her beautiful face,
Sits there in her rocker, not far from my side,
And sings, as her hand gives the hammock its pace.
There in the twilight, under the trees,
Hither and thither I sway in the breeze.
Swing-swong, swingity-swo,
That is the song my hammock sings low.
Up again down again, gently we go,
Swing-swong, swingity-swo.

As there in the gloaming I blissfully swing,
With both of my darlings so close by my side,
My fancy on pinions of beauty takes wing,
And into fair dreamland I peacefully ride.
Swinging with baby, sweetly I dream,
In the soft twilight's lingering gleam.
Swing-swong, swingity-swo,
That is the song my hammock sings low.
Up again, down again, gently we go,
Swing-swong, swingity-swo.

Ah, none of the day-dreams that come as I glide,
Can equal the vision there under the trees,
With both of my darlings so close by my side,
And swinging so slow in the cool of the breeze.
There in the twilight, taking our ease,
Swinging the hammock under the trees.
Swing-swong, swingity-swo,
That is the song we hear as we go.
Cadence untiring so gentle and slow,
Swing-swong, swingity-swo.

INDECISION.

DO I love her?
Dimpling red lips at me pouting,
Dimpling shoulders at me flouting;
No, I don't!

Do I love her?
Prisoned in those crystal eyes
Purity forever lies;
Yes, I do!

Do I love her?
Little wild and wilful fiction,
Teasing, torturing contradiction;
No, I don't!

Do I love her?
With kind acts and sweet words she
Aids and comforts poverty;
Yes, I do!

Do I love her?
Quick she puts her cuirass on,
Stabs with laughter, stings with scorn;
No, I don't!

Do I love her?
No! Then to my arms she flies,
Filling me with glad surprise;
Ah, yes, I do!

THE RUNAWAY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WUNST I sassed my pa, an' he
Won't stand that, an' punished me;
Nen when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper cents,
An' clumbed over our back fence
In the jimson-weeds 'at growed
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen
I runned some, an' runned again,
When I met a man 'at led
A big cow 'at shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane,
Where was little pigs a-play'n';
An' a grea' big pig went "*Booh!*"
An' jumped up, an' skeered me, too.

Nen I scampered past; an' they
Was somebody hollered, "Hey!"
An' I ist looked ever'where,
An' they was nobody there!

I *want* to, but I'm afraid to try
To go back nen. . . . An' by an' by
Somepin' hurts my throat inside,
And I want my ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea' big girl come through
Where's a gate, and tells me who

Am I? an' ef I tell where
My home's 'at she'll take me there.

But I couldn't ist but tell
What's my name; an' she says well;
An' she tooked me up, an says
She know where I live, she guess.

Nen she telled me hug wite close
Round her neck! An' off she goes
Skippin' up the street! An' nen
Purty soon I'm home again!

An' my ma, when she kissed me,
Kissed the big girl too, an' she
Kissed me—ef I p'omise shore
I won't run away no more.

MY DOG AND I.

MARIE MORE MARSH.

LOOK right into my face with your honest brown eyes, old fellow, and cock up your funny little ears and listen, for I am going to talk to you about yourself, and if you're half so human as you look you will enjoy that, doggie. Do you remember how you came to us? No, of course you don't; so I will tell you. Somebody stole you somewhere, you rascal!—a great, rough-looking man—and he brought you into Jack's office and said that you were a thoroughbred rat-terrier puppy, and that he would sell you for $5. And Jack remembered that I was ill and the days were long, and he thought that you might amuse me, and so he bought you.

He brought you home in his overcoat pocket. You were very tiny and we all thought that we never had seen so little a dog; and Jack told us that the man who sold you to him said that you were

three months old, and that you never would weigh more than seven pounds, for you were a thoroughbred. Seven pounds and a thoroughbred, mind you! And here you are so large and heavy that I can scarcely lift you, you dear old mongrel, you!

You had such a queer, little round head, with blue eyes and wrinkled little ears all folded close up to your head, and you just lay still and blinked, and somebody said that you seemed stupid for three months old.

Then I felt in your mouth and I found that you had no teeth at all, and I knew that you weren't three *weeks* old, you baby!

I put you down on the bed and your little curling toe-nails caught in the blanket, and you sprawled about on your weak, wabbling little legs until you cuddled up by my neck and went to sleep. Of course you've forgotten, but I haven't; for when one is ill the days seem terribly empty; and you were something to think about, you know, and I watched your development with great interest.

This is the way you grew to be a great dog. Your blunt little nose gradually lengthened into that long, slender muzzle that you are nestling into my hand. Those silly, useless-looking things on each side of your head unfolded into the saucy ears that you are listening with now. Your eyes turned from baby-blue to brown, and grew earnest and expressive. Your wrinkly, puzzled-looking forehead became smooth and your foolish little tail, that had always stuck straight up in the air, learned a language which I soon understood. A slow wag expressed sympathy, a gentle rap-rap showed contentment, and a wild, double-quick motion meant extreme joy.

Through all those days of suffering you knew when I felt the worst. When hope seemed folly and encouragement idle words your eyes would look so steadily into mine, and your tail would wag very slowly, and your little warm tongue would lick the tears away, you faithful little beast.

I remember I was glad when you shed your puppy teeth, for then we could guess somewhere near your age. But that was ever and ever so long ago, old fellow, and you are beginning to

get gray about the ears now, and so am I; and we don't care to have people guessing at our ages now—do we, doggie? But we are very happy if we are growing old—you, and Jack, and I. Bright days are here at last. The weariness and pain are gone, and health and strength have come instead. Many are the pleasant walks we three take through the woods and fields. Only you don't run as fast as you did, nor chase every living thing that you see. You follow right at our heels, now, and Jack and I keep closer together than we used to; and somehow I hope that we shall always be near together—we three—so that when—why, doggie, you're fast asleep! and Jack—what, crying?

A FAMILY DRUM CORPS.

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man bought him a big bass drum;
Boom—boom—boom!
"Who knows," said he, "when a war will come?"
Boom—boom—boom!
"I'm not at all frightened, you understand,
But if I'm called on to fight for my land,
I want to be ready to play in the band."
Boom—boom—boom!

He got all his children little snare drums;
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
And they'd practice as soon as they'd finished their sums.
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
"We're just like our papa," in chorus said they,
"And, if we should ever get into the fray,
Why, it's safer to thump than to fight any day!"
Boom—tidera-da—boom!

And, showing her spirit, the little man's wife—
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
With some of her pin-money purchased a fife;

Boom—tidera-da—boom!
And, picking out tunes that were not very hard,
They'd play them while marching around the back yard,
Without for one's feelings the slightest regard.
Boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
Boom—tidera-da—boom!

The little old parson who lived next door—
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
Would throw up his hands as he walked the floor;
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
"Won't you stop it, I beg you?" he often said.
"I'm trying to think of a text, but instead
The only thing I can get into my head
Is your boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
Boom—tidera-da—boom!"

And all of the people for blocks around—
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
Kept time at their tasks to the martial sound;
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
While children to windows and stoops would fly,
Expecting to see a procession pass by,
And they couldn't make out why it never drew nigh,
With its boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
Boom—tidera-da—boom!

It would seem such vigor must soon abate;
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
But they still keep at it, early and late;
Boom—tidera-da—boom!
So, if it should be that a war breaks out,
They'll all be ready, I have no doubt,
To help in putting the foe to route,
With their boom—tidera-da—boom—
Boom—tidera-da—boom—
Boom—tidera-da-boom-a-diddle-dee—
Boom—BOOM—BOOM!

KNITTING.

J. S. CUTTER.

GRANDMA sits in her easy chair,
Knitting a stocking for baby May;
Slipping the stitches with loving care,
Knitting and dreaming the time away;
Thinking of other little feet,
Cold and silent, at rest so long;
And, as she dreams of the old times sweet,
Her heart runs over in simple song:
Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Swift and silent the needles run;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Honest workers are hard to find;
Baby's stocking begun!

Grandma dreams of a glad spring day,
Years and years and years ago,
When her hair was gold, now so thin and gray,
And her faded cheeks wore a rosy glow;
And Robin comes to the farmyard gate,
And tells his love in his bashful way;
And grandma sings, while the hour grows late,
The song she sung on her wedding-day:
Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Click the needles and sing the song!
Swift and silent the skeins unwind;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Baby's stocking grows long!

Grandma thinks of the children three—
Bob, and Charlie, and little Bess—
Lisping prayers at her mother-knee,
Making music her life to bless.

O'er her face comes a shade of pain,
Brought by thoughts of the long ago;
Trembling voice breaks forth again,
The song runs on while the tear-drops flow.
Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Work and trust while the moments run;
Eyes with tears are often blind;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Baby's stocking half done!

Grandma's hands have tired grown;
Poor old hands, that have worked so long!
Daylight swift from the earth has flown;
Almost silent has grown the song;
Still she knits, as she sits and dreams,
Hurrying onward to reach the toe;
Deftly turning the even seams,
While she murmurs in accents low:
Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Hands grow tired at set of sun;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Life grows short while the skeins unwind;
Baby's stocking most done!

Grandma stops, and her knitting falls
Idly down on the sanded floor;
Shining needles and half-wound balls;
Grandma's knitting, alas! is o'er.
So we found her at close of day,
White head resting upon her breast;
Knitting finished and laid away;
Loving fingers for aye at rest.
Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Skein at last to the end has run;
Heart stops beating that once was kind;
Hands are folded that ne'er repined;
Baby's stocking is done!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S FAN.

SAMUEL M. PECK.

[The action-work of this charming recitation will be greatly enhanced by the judicious use of a large feather fan.]

IT owned not the color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without break,
'Twas built on a generous plan;
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
In a chest between two silken cloths
'Twas kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.
'Twas famed far and wide through the whole country-side,
From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 'twas eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight,
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
Psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.

At bees and at quiltings 'twas aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace,
'Twas limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling, gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

ANDREWS WILKINSON.

Morning.

OH, mis'ry in de mornin' comes wid de turnout horn,
An' mo' an' mo' o' mis'ry befo' de day is gone!
F' [redacted]onday on to Sadday, ontell de sun go down,
Hit's nuttin' else but mis'ry, for all de yeah aroun.'

Hit ain't no use to grumble, 'case when dat horn done blow
Dar ain't no time to tarry, you got to swing de hoe;
You's got to shake an' shiver, wet wid de mornin' dew,
An' when de sun gits higher, we'd sweat wet, thew an' thew.

Hit's grapplin' wid de tie-vines, hit's diggin' in de row,
De mo' you chop de grass dar de mo' hit seem to grow;
My arms an' back is achin,' an' sho'ly I'll drap dead
Ef soon dat sun a-shinin' don't git right overhead.

Noon.

Dar goes de horn for dinner! Whoopee! You heahs it toot!
Oh, come on boys, I'll run you for home! Come shake
yo' foot!
I bets I beats you plowmens upawn yo' swif'est mule,
An' doan' mistook dis nigger for nary pokin' fool.

Hya! Hya! Oh, Sam, I beat you! Yo' mule ain't got no
pace;
De bes' on dis plantashun—does you know how to race?
Ef dar had been a possum a-bakin' in de pot
I could a' beat de boss's bay buggy mar's bes' trot.

Night.

T'ank Gawd dis day is ended! an' when dat yaller moon
Gits white an' bright an' higher I's gwine to cotch a coon;
A heavy dew is fallin,' hit's good to leave de scent,
I's gwine to give dem varmints a little worriment.

Dar's mis'ry in de mornin'; but bes' lef' dat alone,
De res' dat comes wid night-time is all I calls my own;
I'll drap dem stiff rheumatics ontell de roosters crow
An' leave off dat plumbago ontell de turnout blow.

BABY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

ALICE P. CARTER.

DEAR Cousin: There is little chance
Of our speedy meeting,
And so I take my pen in hand
To send a friendly greeting;

And also give some good advice
Regarding your demeanor,

Which well befits a cousin who
. Is near six weeks your senior.

A wiser life I might have led—
  And also happier, maybe—
If I had had the same advice
  From some experienced baby.

Then solemnly I you advise,
  My twelve-days'-old relation,
To put not off, until too late,
  Your parents' education.

The sooner you can break their wills,
  The less will be your trouble;
But if you put the lesson off
  You'll find your labor double.

Teach them obedience, swift and prompt,
  And without stint or measure;
Teach them the slightest cry to fear,
  And fly to do your pleasure.

Do not put up, as I have done,
  With conduct overbearing,
And let yourself be laid in bed
  With eyes wide open staring.

Let not the clock, as in my case,
  Decide your feeding hour;
But if you're hungry, shriek and yell
  And howl with all your power.

If valuable these hints appear,
  Give them attention duly;
And if you find they useful prove,
  Be grateful to, yours truly,

BABY C———.

THE ABANDONED TROOP HORSE.

MARY A. ROCKE.

"OFF with the saddle and shoot him!" Ten miles from the camp he fell lame,
And the whip and the spur were both useless, and master's voice calling his name.
'Twas a cavalry scout just returning to camp from a rough ride of more
Than a hundred miles' wearisome journey, a party that numbered a score.

No further the horse could be driven; he must be abandoned; his lot,
To hinder the enemy's profit, was to be despatched by a shot.
His master dismounted in silence, revolver drew tremblingly forth,
Put it back, loosed the bridle and saddle, and turned to the south, to the north.

"Poor Jim!" as the horse softly whinnied, relieved for a moment from pain.
And he patted the drooping head gently, and smoothed down the long, tangled mane.
"Old Jim! we have roughed it together, together braved sunstroke and cold;
We have feasted and fasted together; been comrades where cannon booms rolled.

"If a cut from a sabre would save you, I'd bow my bare face to the blow;
I'd lose a leg, Jim, or my right arm, to save your life, gladly let go!"

He had taken the trappings off gently, and the horse brightened
up in relief.
"Good-by, Jim, old fellow! It's orders. I feel like a murder-
ing thief!"

He dashed with his coat-sleeve the moisture away that was
blinding his sight;
The troops were far off in the distance, and swiftly was gather-
ing the night.
Once more he raised the revolver. "God pardon me! It must
be done."
A flash—a report—and his comrade he saw drop to earth like a
stone.

He turned and fled camp-ward in anguish. He could not look
back to the spot
Where the one who had borne him so often lay dying from his
final shot.
The poor beast lay stunned a few moments, then raised his head
tortured with pain.
What means it? Alone and unsaddled. He struggled his feet
to regain,

And, gazing about him, he wondered who is it has done him
this harm,—
Shook his head, from his nostrils all bleeding blew forth a wild
note of alarm.
In the enemy's country, abandoned! Ah, now he remembers it all!
He was lame, and his rider dismounted, caressed him—what
then? Did he fall

Shot down by some hidden guerilla? With eyes flaming wildly
with pain,
He seeks by the road for his master. Abandoned! The search
was in vain.

But he knows this road well, for so often each bridge and each
turn he has seen!
He will back to the camp ere death takes him, tho' long, dark-
ened miles intervene.

He nerves for one last, freshened effort. "Halt!" calls out the
sentry, "Who's there?"
At last! Jim stood still for a moment, then down the hill
swiftly did bear;
And ere they could stop him, he entered once more within pale
of the lines,
And was welcomed, when passing the bound'ry, with shots from
a dozen carbines.

Dead now. The men gaze at him silent. "It seems like a
murder," one says.
While his master kneels rev'rent beside him, the faithful head
once more to raise.
"Too bad!" mutters one grim old sergeant. Then back to their
posts the men go,
And a distant cock heralds the morning, with misty call, fading
and slow.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

W. M. THACKERAY.

First Version.

KNOW ye the willow-tree whose gray leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily to yon pale river?
Lady, at even-tide wander not near it;
They say its branches hide a sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree a maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be, her blue eye tearful;
Soon as she saw the tree, her step moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah, me! no one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear the far bell's chime
Toll from the chapel-tower the trysting-time;
But the red sun went down in golden flame,
And though she looked around, yet no one came!

Presently came the night, sadly to greet her,
Moon in her silver light, stars in their glitter;
Then sank the moon away under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—there by the willow!

Through the long darkness, by the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on, tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness, lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night-wind, piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze biting and cold,
Bleak peers the gray dawn over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream looks the gray dawn;
Gray, with disheveled hair, still stands the willow there—
THE MAID IS GONE!

Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!

Second Version.

Long by the willow-trees vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams o'er the gray water:
"Where is my lovely one? Where is my daughter?

"Rouse thee, sir constable, rouse thee and look;
Fishermen, bring your net, boatmen your hook,
Beat in the lily-beds, dive in the brook!"

Vainly the constable shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net, never it hauled her!

Mother beside the fire sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy chair, gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill came a light tapping!

And a pale countenance looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart, sick with amazement,
And at the vision which came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony: "Lor! it's Elizar!"

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth, yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one, blushing exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent Lizzie be blamed.

"Yesterday, going to aunt Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I *forgot the door-key!*
And as the night was cold, and the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to breakfast and sleep."

Whether her pa and ma fully believed her,
That we shall never know. Stern they received her;
And for the work of that cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without tea for a fortnight!

MORAL.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the fiddlety
Maidens of England, take caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside,
And always remember to take the door-key.

THE FISHING PARTY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WUNST we went a-fishin'—me
An' my Pa, an' Ma—all three,
When they was a picnic, 'way
Out to Hanch's Woods one day.

And they was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is, an' where
Little boys, 't ain't big an' strong
Better have their folks along!

My Pa he ist fished an' fished!
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home; an' Pa
Said he wished so worse 'n Ma.

Pa said ef you talk er say
Anythin', er sneeze, er play,
Hain't no fish, alive er dead,
Ever go' to bite, he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got back home; an' Ma, says she,
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!—
An' she buyed one at the store.

Nen, at supper, Pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em. An' he pounded me
When I choked!—Ma, didn't he?

LOVE-MAKING.

REBECCA MORROW REAVIS.

The Lawyer's Way.

NOW, Jennie dear, I think you will agree
'Tis time that we investigate this matter
Of so much interest unto you and me,
But doubly so is it unto the latter;
For since, my love, when I first my suit began
I've acted with this rigid resolution—
Whereas, that I, a single, lone young man,
And you, a lady of sound constitution,
In Cupid's court a love case instituted,
It should this term be fully prosecuted.

Said case is one that may not bear the test
Of long postponement, so, ere we adjourn,
Accept my terms, my love, and say 'tis best
To let proceedings take a legal turn.
On the hypothesis that you'll agree
To said requirements of said proposition,
The court declares immediate action be
Taken to secure a valid recognition.
Of all good faith between us; so, unfearing,
Rise, kiss th— I mean *me*, love, without swearing.

The Doctor's Way.

Well, Angelina, this is most absurd,
The way I feel—it is, upon my word;
Of course his own disease you would suppose
An Æsculapius could diagnose.

But now the fact is this: I can't locate
This pain of mine—whether 'tis in my pate,
Or in my heart, my liver, or my lung,
Sometimes it seems in all; and, too, my tongue
Is subject to a paralytic stroke.
You laugh, my dear, but really 'tis no joke;
For when I'd broach a subject unto you—
One old as time, but somehow ever new—
The icicle that shivers in December
Is not more chill than this unruly member.
At fever point sometimes my pulses beat,
Again 'tis low as zero, Fahrenheit;
And so erratic is my respiration
I fear 'twill prove its own annihilation.
In strength and appetite I could compete,
Once with the great Crotonian athlete;
But now my muscles all are lax, undone,
And all my gastric provender is gone.
I've dosed myself with potion after potion,
I've plunged myself in lotion after lotion;
But there's no pill, no powder, lotion, plaster,
Can mitigate this coming dire disaster.
Yet sometimes I do look for convalescence,
And hope beams high, till once more in your presence,
Then ruin rampant threatens dissolution,
And heart and brain is a crazy convolution.
What shall I do, my love, what shall I do?
You see I am splenetic—awful blue,
And there's a remedy, or I'm undone;
Similia similibus—so on.
What think you of it? You're the cause, you know,
So let your healing virtues to me flow.
Unless you do, I care not now to say
What may become of me some gloomy day.
Perhaps you'll find, at an unlucky hour,
My poor *disjecta membra* at your door.

MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

"THERE, on the left!" said the colonel; the battle had shuddered and faded away,
Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay.
"Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood;
Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood!
But for their bullets, I'll bet, my batteries sent them something as good.
Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed;
Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was duly fulfilled.",

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field—scarred and forlorn,
Rutted by violent wheels and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn;
Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow,
Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of woe:
These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know.
Thence to the ridge, where roots outthrust, and twisted branches of trees
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.

"What's your report?" and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last.
Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished," and strangely his face looked, aghast.
"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line of parade.
Brave fellows, colonel, to stay as they did! But one I 'most wish hadn't stayed.
Mortally wounded, he'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed;
Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held
This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned
Four short pages of writing. "What's this about 'Marthy Virginia's hand?'"
Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;
Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,
Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.
Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line:
"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread;
"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa,"—so the words on the little palm said.
Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled;

Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled.
Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily stilled;
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,
See! there is lifted the hand of a baby — Marthy Virginia's hand!

HANS VOGEL.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[An episode of the Franco-Prussian war.]

THE fight is o'er, the day is done,
And through the clouds o'er head,
The fingers of the setting sun
Are pointing down blood-red;
Beneath on the white battle-field,
Lie strewn the drifts of dead.

No sound; but yonder, midst the dead,
There stands one steed snow-white,
And clinging to its chilly mane,
Half swooning, yet upright,
Its rider totters, breathing hard,
Bareheaded in the light.

Hans Vogel. Spectacles on nose,
He gasps and gazes round;
He shivers as his eyes survey
That wintry battle-ground,
Then, parched with thirst and chill with cold,
He sinks, without a sound.

Hans Vogel thinks: "My time hath come;
Ne'er shall these eyes of mine
Behold poor Annchen, or the trees
Of dear old Ehbrenstein."
He smacks his lips. "*Mein Gott!* for one
Deep draught of Rhenish wine!"

Then swift as thought his wild eyes gleam
On something at his side;
He stirs—he glares—he sits erect—
He grips it, eager-eyed;
A flask it is, some friend or foe
Hath dropt there ere he died.

To God he mutters now a prayer,
Quaking in every limb;
Trembling, he holds it to the light;
'Tis full unto the brim!
A flask—a brimming flask of wine!
And God hath sent it him.

Hans Vogel's heart leaps up in joy,
"*Der Himmel sei dank!*" he cries;
Then pursing out his thirsty lips,
Prepares to quaff his prize,
When lo! a sound; he starts, and meets
A pair of burning eyes.

Propt on a bed of comrades dead,
His faint breath swiftly flying,
His breast torn open by a shell,
A grenadier is lying;
Grim as a wolf, with gleaming fangs,
The Frenchman glareth, dying!

White is his hair, his features worn
With many a wild campaign;

He rocks his head from side to side
  Like to a beast in pain;
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
  Again and yet again.

Hans Vogel smiles: "Here lieth one
  Whose need is more than mine."
Then, crawling over to his foe,
  "Look, Frenchman, here is wine!
And, by the God that made us both,
  Shall every drop be thine!"

Hast thou beheld a dying boar,
  Struck bleeding to the ground,
Spring with a last expiring throe
  To rip the foremost hound!
Terrible, fatal, pitiless,
  It slays with one swift bound.

E'en so that grizzly wolf of war,
  With eyes of hate and ire,
Stirs as he lies, and on the ground
  Gropes with a dark desire,
Then lifts a loaded carbine up,
  And lo! one flash of fire!

A flash—a crash! Hans Vogel still
  Is kneeling on his knee,
His heart is beating quick, his face
  Is pale as man's can be;
The ball just grazed his bleeding brow;
  "*Potztausend!*" murmureth he.

Hans frowns; and, raising to his lips
  The flask, begins to quaff;
Then holds it to the fading light
  With shy and cynic laugh.

Deep is his draught, sweet is the wine—
And he hath drunk the half.

And now he glanceth once again
Where the grim Frenchman lies;
Gasping, still waits that wolf of war,
Like to a beast that dies;
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
And slowly glazing eyes.

Hans Vogel smiles; unto his foe
Again now totters he:
So spent now is that wolf of war
He scarce can hear or see.
Hans Vogel holds his hand and takes
His head upon his knee.

Then down the dying Frenchman's throat
He sends the liquor fine:
"Half yet remains, old boy," he cries,
While pouring down the wine.
"Hadst thou not played me such a trick,
It might have all been thine."

Hans Vogel speaketh in the tongue
Of his good Fatherland;
The Frenchman hears an alien sound,
And cannot understand;
But he can taste the warm red wine,
And feel the kindly hand.

See! looking in Hans Vogel's face,
He stirs his grizzly head;
Up, smiling, goes the grim mustache
O'er cheeks as grey as lead;
With one last glimmer of the eyes,
He smiles—and he is dead.

JINNY.

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

SHE hed no maw ner paw, ner any blood er kin,
'N thet's huccome it happened that we all took her in—
A poor, peaked, little critter, red-headed, pale and thin.

Six boys thar was o' we-uns, an' pap he used to 'gree
That five of us was likely as you would wish to see,
An' one of us was slowly—an' thet thar one was me.

An' Jinny used to pleg me fer bein' big an' lean,
All han's an' feet, an' freckles the thickest ever seen;
She jedged 'twas unly sunburn kep' me from lookin' green.

First off, I didn't mind it, them funnin' ways o' hern;
But when she took to growin' like a slim young forest fern,
An' did her hair up on top—why, her jokes begun to burn.

I knowed I wasn't nothin' set off 'ginst John an' Jim.
An' Bud—well, he was sightly, an' Ted, I looked at him,
An' sensed his chance with Jinny was big an' mine was slim.

So I 'lowed to never mention how much I keered for her;
Cuz I jedge to pine in secret is passels easier
Then to pine with folks a-knowin' jest what you're pinin' fer.

I aped a friendly manner an' talked with her right smart
About her beaus, an' reckoned she hedn't any heart.
An' one day when I said so, her eyes flew wide apart

In a suddint, cuyus fashion, an' the blue looked wet, an' she
Was pink as any rose-bush, an' I ?—well, when I see
Thet blush, I—well, the truf is, she's goin' to marry me!

I LOVE YOU.

MONOLOGUE FOR A LADY.

I had left school and lived with my grandmother in a big, gloomy house, all alone. Grandmother was not always easy to please, and my laughter and chatter annoyed her. "Bother your noise!" she was always saying. And in the silence my active little brain worked hard, dreaming of many things which had never troubled me before. I even forgot my doll—and what care I had always lavished on Bella! She was a huge doll, jointed, and a beauty. She could say "papa," "mamma," like a little lady, and she was so finely dressed! Well, I forgot everything; her eyes, her red lips, her little white bed, and her gorgeous wardrobe packed in a box lined with red satin. But it was grandmother's fault, after all. It was really distressing, what happened to me, and I paid bitterly for my foolish dreams.

It was last winter. My old nurse, Eliza, took me to church one evening, and, walking before me, lantern in hand, lighted my way. The street was empty; and in the darkness, amidst all those sleepy old houses with closed shutters, there was not a gleam, save from one house in the distance, where slender rays of light fell from a low window athwart the night. I was afraid of the dark. Peering into space, shuddering, I advanced, trembling at the slightest sound, starting at my own shadow, and keeping close to the wall, when, as I passed the lighted window, I heard a voice say: "I love you!"

I can never tell you how frightened I was. I was very angry at such a piece of boldness. Only fancy! a stranger lying in wait for me to pass to declare his love for me! I grasped Eliza's arm. And yet, when I came to think it over, I really could not feel that it was very wicked to say "I love you." The words "I love you" were uttered in a nice, a hard to describe, a peculiar tone, with a foreign accent, a singular one, assuredly. It was a puzzle. And,

silly goose that I was, as I thought about it I said again and again: "What a queer voice that gentleman has!" All the same, the stranger's declaration rang in my ears. It sang an endless hymn, and nothing ever seemed half so delightful to me. I never had such a feeling before. What could it mean? They had a superhuman power, those words, even when pronounced by such a voice.

The house belonged to a rich lady whose son was away, traveling round the world, roving the seas from pole to equator; a sailor, an admiral—no, an ensign, I believe. I knew that he was very young and that his name was Charles. People often talked of him; it seemed that he was brave, oh, very brave! He got a medal in the war. They said he was a handsome fellow—tall, gentle, grave. I understood it all: he came home to-day. It was he! It must be he! It could be no other, for no one ever saw a man in that house. He had come to see his mother on leave; that must be it. What could be more natural? He saw me accidentally, I seemed to him attractive, and his heart beat faster and he said to me: "I love you!" Now I understood it all, and his strange accent. His distant voyages, all the various languages that he had heard and spoken, easily explained this foreign accent. It was he! He had seen—I could not think of it unmoved—all the wonders of the world and all its beauties—and yet he chose me! It was to me, really to me, to me, chosen among all, that he said: "I love you!" This warrior, this valiant youth who had defied death, had returned triumphant; and this hero, this brave man, saw a mere girl and, like a romantic poet, tremblingly, gently, caressingly, he said, "I love you!"

That night, as I fell asleep, I repeated. "I love you!" A swarm of golden dreams floated before my eyes, and these words hovered on my lips [*dreamily*]: "I love you!"

Next day, again I hastened to church. One house was lighted as before. Like a moth drawn by the flame and flying into the beams, I quickened my steps, and as I passed, I heard, oh, joy! that voice, whose echoes still rang through my heart, repeat, but, surely, with great agitation, those words which filled me with de-

light, those sweet words, "I love you!" He loved me! Then it was true. I could no longer doubt. By his emotion I felt that he was sincere. He trembled; something seemed to choke him, and his voice was almost hushed. Ah, I understand the tumult in his soul when he risked such an avowal! Just think! Suppose I were to mock at his ardent love and fiery words! What disappointment and what agony!

But he needed not to fear such treatment at my hands. It was decided. I should be his wife; I should be free; I should be called "Madam!" I could laugh and talk as much as I liked, and should hear grandmother scold no more. I, his wife!

The family were plaguing me just then, tormenting me with talk of my cousin John. They wanted me to marry him. I paid no heed to them. He was very nice, John was; but he was rather old—twenty-five years old. Still, he was nice. But Charles was far nicer. I didn't know him; all the same I am sure he was. Let them talk to me of John, and I would answer bravely: "No, no, no, no! Charles is my choice. Cousin, keep your name."

Whichever way I looked my life met Eden on earth! Celestial choirs murmured my name linked with that of Charles! We walked together, hand in hand; the happy birds made music for us, and the flowers along our path bent toward us their dewy leaves, as if to greet such bliss. In silent ecstasy we roamed the fields, o'er mossy, shady paths. I was happy, and I had most gorgeous gowns!

I longed to see him! Why did he not come? Why did he not visit grandmother? How he wasted his time! Waiting is hard to bear. Who knew if some misfortune was not lurking near? although it would be useless to hope to part us. We were united unto death. This longing to see him filled my soul. Was it not natural for a girl who was engaged? It possessed me, and I could not sleep. I must see him! Then I resolved to go to him myself—at least to the window—and at his "I love you!" to appear and say to him: "Charles, oh, I love you too!" I could no longer bear this anxiety. So that night I started out and hastened toward the light. I paused. The echo of the accustomed voice again fell

on my ear. Ah, dear heart, he was there! I dared not take another step; I was pale with fright, and frozen and mute. Oh, it was terrible! And again the voice repeated: "I love you!" My heart leaped high. I longed to speak, to express the love that sang within my soul, and, like a bird, to fly to him! I was nailed to the spot. Oh, agony untold. It seemed as if I ceased to live. But I slipped my hand through the half-open blinds. "Ah," I said, "he will clasp it in both of his own; that will mean, 'My love shall know no end!' and that will speak louder than any words could do. We shall understand each other well!" I must be brave. I offered him my hand, with a coquettish air, and waited for him to take it. What! he did not move? That was strange. I sprang forward and gazed in, and cried "Charles!" What did I see? My Charles [*piteously*] was a parrot! [*Sadly.*] Farewell, my dream; farewell, my blessed felicity! My poor heart is dead and my life is done!

[*All at once laughs.*] Oh, no! My cousin John came soon. Yesterday he said to me tenderly, "I love you!" Oh, I am sure I did not dream again! This time it was not our neighbor's bird. [*Confidentially.*]

As lovers often are jealous, they say,
Don't tell this story to John, I pray!

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

E. V. WRIGHT.

WE all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves the duck;
Then all of us prepare to rise,
And hold our bibs before our eyes,
And be prepared for some surprise,
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
  Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
  Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
While every careful person hides
  From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
  When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
  Potatoes fly amuck!
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
  Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around
  The dining-room and pluck
From off the window-sills and walls
  Our share of father's duck.
While father growls and blows and jaws
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother laughs at him because
  He couldn't carve a duck.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

WOMAN with satchel enters car, sits down.

Enters conductor, asks fare.

Woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel.

Offers dime, receives nickel.

Opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel.

Stop the car, please.

CHANGING COLOR.

HATTIE G. CANFIELD.

OH, everyone was sorry for Ned!
"It's a perfect shame," so the people said;
'And who was Ned?" Why, don't you know?
Ned was the deacon's daughter's beau,—
Honest and manly, hard to beat,
Five foot ten in his stocking feet.

Bess was the sweetest girl in the place,
With a soul as fair as her winsome face;
The deacon's daughter, kind and gay,
And used to having her own sweet way.
Now, *two* good people *may* agree,—
The deacon, Bess and Ned make *three*.

Old Deacon Green was a "moneyed man;"
His motto was: "Get and keep if you can."
"Honest in all his dealings?" Yes,
Honest as you or Ned or Bess;
But charity had left his creed,
And he was stingy in thought and deed.

"I tell you no man borrows from me;
If he wants any help, let him find it," said he;
"And Bess, my girl, hear what I say,
You send that shiftless Ned away!
I have no use for the lazy dunce,
I heard that he borrowed a dollar once.

"Now, when *I* borrow—you hear me, Bess?—
Then you may purchase your wedding-dress.

Until that time Ned Brown, you see,
Must be a minus quantity."
And Bessie murmured soft and low:
"That's something Ned would like to know."

That night the moon and the silent stars
Saw two young heads near the meadow bars,
And heard Bess say: "I think to-morrow
Someone will really have to borrow!"
Two hearts were happier, I know,
Because the new moon told me so.

Next morn, Bess seized her shopping bag,
Harnessed the deacon's corpulent nag,
And drove to town; I wonder why
She chose that early hour to buy!

A small boy with a freckled face,
Was standing near the market-place;
He waved his cap, when he saw sweet Bess,
As fair as a flower, in her muslin dress.
"Good morning, Cousin Bob," said she;
"You're just the boy I want to see!

"I'll give you all you ask and more,
If you will ride to father's door,
And say to him, 'Bess is in town,
Going to marry that Ned Brown.'
After you tell him, drive away,
No matter what he has to say."

Imagine the deacon, if you can!
Poor Bob ne'er saw an uglier man
Than Deacon Green, that summer day
He watched his old nag trot away;
The words he used are hard to spell,
And really wouldn't do to tell.

"There is Bess in Blickingham town,
Ready to marry that scamp, Brown;
I can reach her as best I may—
Even my old nag's gone to-day!
The parson would lend me—I must borrow,
For Bess may not be there to-morrow."

The parson lent him his dappled gray,
And he made for the town without delay.
There stood Bess in the market-place,
And near her the determined face
Of our friend Brown was plainly seen—
A sight to madden Deacon Green.

The young folks entered the old town-hall,
The scene of many a county ball,
And Bessie's father walked in, too;
I wonder what he meant to do?
This much I know—the words then said
Came chiefly from the lips of Ned.

"Deacon Green, did you borrow the gray
That brought you to Blickingham town to-day?
You did? Then Bess shall be my wife,
And here's an end to all our strife!"
Said Bess: "I knew dear father meant
To give his full and free consent."

"But," gasped the deacon, "I never said
My daughter could marry you, Ned!"
"I heard you say," cried blue-eyed Bess,
"That I might purchase my wedding-dress
When you borrowed from any one,
And now, you see, the deed is done!

"It can't be helped; and, father dear,
Forgive us, won't you, now and here?"

The deacon frowned, but chuckled too:
"That's all you've left for me to do!
You're full of business, and I guess
Your head is pretty level, Bess;
You took your father's nag away,
And made him toe the mark to-day;
And though I'm *Green*, ere we leave town,
My only daughter shall be *Brown!*"

ONLY JOE.

JAMES R. REED.

THIS grave were ye meanin', stranger? Oh, there's nobody much lies here;
It's only Joe, a dazed lad—been dead now better'n a year.
He was nobody's child, this Joe, sir; orphaned the hour of his birth,
And simple and dazed all his life, yet the harmlessest cretur on earth.

Some say that he died broken-hearted; but that is all nonsense, you know,
For a body could never do that as were simple and dazed, like Joe.
But I'll tell ye the story, stranger, and then you can readily see,
How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that could never be.

Do ye see that grave over yonder? Well, the minister's daughter lies there;
She were a regular beauty, an' as good as she were fair.
She'd a nod an' a kind word for Joe, sir, whenever she passed him by;
But, bless ye, that were nothin'—she couldn't hurt even a fly!

It weren't very often, I reckon, that people a kind word would say,
For Joe was simple an' stupid, an' allus in somebody's way;

So I s'pose he kind o' loved her; but then that were nothin', you know,
For there wasn't a soul in the village, but loved her better'n Joe.

An' when Milly took down with consumption, or some such weakness as that,
Joe took on kind o' foolish—there was nothin' for him to cry at;
An' he'd range the woods over for hours for flowers to place by her bed,
An' Milly, somehow or other, kind o' liked his dazed ways, they said.

But when winter was come she died, sir, and I well remember the day
When we carried the little coffin to the old churchyard away;
It were so bitter cold we were glad when the little grave were made,
An' when we were done an' went home, I suppose poor Joe must have stayed.

They found him here the next mornin', lyin' close to the grave, they said,
An' a-lookin' like he was asleep; but then, of course, he were dead.
I suppose he got chilled and sleepy—an' how could a body know
How dangerous that kind o' sleep is, as never knowed nothin', like Joe?

So they say that he died broken-hearted, but that only shows, do you see,
How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that never could be;
For now you have heard the story, you'll agree with me, stranger, I know,
That a body could never do that as were simple and dazed, like Joe!

A FEARFUL FRIGHT.

IT was on a Sabbath morn, and George Murgatroyd had just turned over to sleep after making his sixth resolution to get up. But the cry, fraught with anxiety and trepidation, that came from the room below banished sleep instantly.

It was his wife's voice—the dear girl whom he had taken from a parent's, or rather two parents', care.

"George! Come quick!"

What could be the matter? He remembered now, with an agonized gasp, as he ripped his nightgown up the back and put one leg into the arm of his shirt, that Maud had functional derangement of the heart. Still, she could not cry out like that if stricken down by——

"George! why don't you come? Come! come!"

Like a flash it came to him, the tale of yesterday, told by his little wife, at which he had scoffed—Heaven help him!—a tale of a dark-browed man who came to read the gas-meter, who had behaved so strangely that Maud suspected him of being a burglar's spy. The man had come again—even now, perhaps——

"George! if you don't come, it'll be too late!"

What were collar buttons now that he should search for them? With one bound he overturned the rocking-chair and smashed the water-pitcher; in another instant he had collided with a half-open closet door; at the third step he tripped over his suspenders and came down-stairs on his elbows and countenance.

"Courage, Maud!" he cried; "I am coming."

"You're too late," said Maud, with a pretty pout, as George dashed into the room with fire in his eye.

"What—where is he?" he gasped, looking around with an awful faintness at the heart.

"I wanted you to see the baby," said she, in a disappointed voice. "He had his foot in his mouth, and you've no idea how cunning he looked."

AFEARED OF A GAL.

OH, darn it all! afeared of her,
And such a mite of a gal;
Why, two of her size rolled into one
Won't ditto sister Sal!
Her voice is sweet as the whip-poor-will's,
And the sunshine's in her hair;
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.
Yet Sal says: "Why, she's such a dear,
She's just the one for you."
Oh, darn it all! afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall,
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
She makes me feel so small.
My face grows red, my tongue gets hitched,
The plagued thing won't go;
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
I'm most tarnation slow.
And though folks say she's sweet on me,
I guess it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all! afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just s'pose if what the folks
Is saying should be so!
Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,
Find out and let me know;
Tell her the gals should court the men,
For isn't this leap-year?

That's why I'm kind of bashful like,
A-waiting for her here.
And should she hear I'm scared of her,
You'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all! afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

THE SONG OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

UP in the attic stowed away,
Out of the light of the golden day,
All in a cobweb mantle dressed,
Grandma's spinning-wheel stands at rest.
Turn it round with a motion strong,
And loud it singeth an old-time song:
Round and round,
Round and round,
Drowsy droning with dreary sound;
Steady motion the spindle keeps;
Thread runs smooth while the baby sleeps,
Baby sleeps!

Turn again and the wheel will tell,
How happy days to the old home fell,
And children played all the cottage o'er,
While back and forth on the sanded floor
Grandma stepped in her golden spring;
And this is the song that the wheel will sing:
Round and round,
Round and round,
Loudly laughing with blithesome sound;
Thread like gold in the sunlight's ray;
Spindle whirls while the children play,
Children play!

Turn again and the song flows on,
But some of its merriment is gone,

It sigheth now in a sadder key;
It tells of the children, one, two, three,
Boys fast growing from day to day,
Soon to wander from home away;
Round and round,
Round and round,
Lazily lagging with lonesome sound;
Thread runs slow to the whirling spool;
Happy children are gone to school,
Gone to school.

Give the old wheel a few quick turns—
The kettle sings and the back-log burns;
The old log cabin looms up to view;
Grandpa and grandma, loving, true,
Wait for the boys to come back again,
And this is the old wheel's sad refrain:
Round and round,
Round and round,
Softly singing with solemn sound;
Gone alas! all the children gay,
Grown to manhood and gone away;
Gone away!

One more turn at the droning wheel,
One more glimpse of the past to steal;
Boys grown aged, all far away;
Cabin fallen to sad decay;
Two old graves on the neighboring hill—
That will do—let the wheel be still;
Round and round,
Round and round,
Sadly sighing with sobbing sound;
Baby, childhood, youth, gray head;
Death comes softly and snaps the thread—
Snaps the thread.

GRANDMA'S GARDEN.

I REMEMBER grandma's garden as it was long time ago,
Where hollyhocks and larkspur grew in a dazzling row.
Where tall, slim trees of lilac bent with their purple bloom,
And the bush of flowering currant exhaled a sweet perfume.

Where the little Johnny-jump-ups lifted gold and purple heads
Between the mound of myrtle and the Wilson strawberry beds;
Where pinks and sweet blush-roses with fragrance filled the air,
As grandpa sat in the afternoon, at the north door, in his chair.

I remember the royal king-cups and the asters blooming late,
And another plant that grandma called "Kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate."
A tall plant green and slender, with pink blooms hanging down,
It stood beside the little gate near the road that leads to town.

I remember the summery sunshine one afternoon in May,
Shone on a man and maiden treading the grassy way,
That leads to the little school-house to grandma's garden gate,
Where they stood to chat and tarried till the afternoon waxed late.

The maid came in at sunset with cheeks all rosy red,
And grandpa sat and watched her and wagged his snowy head,
And spoke right low to grandma: "Louisa, dear," said he,
"The-kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate is blossomin', I see."

My heart will long remember the scenes I used to know,
The flowers in grandma's garden and grandpa's beard of snow.
And though I'm now a matron (my bonny boys are three)
I'll give this passing tribute to the days that used to be.

THE JEWELS SHE LACKED.

I REALLY believe I am tired. I'll set down my basket and rest.
Thanks to the saints that watch o'er us, the poor may do that with the best;
And haply it's only the poor who know what a pleasure may be
Just in letting the hands on the lap lie idle and free.

There is Madame at the château—never a thing to do
But to change a gown of amber for a gown of white or of blue,
To play with her dog or her parrot, or flutter her fan with grace
When Monsieur le Baron praises her beautiful, childish face.

If I were Madame I'd be happy; I wouldn't have tears in my eyes.
Yet I saw them in hers to-day, and I opened my own in surprise.
"Justine, *you* have something," she said, "I'd give all the world it were mine."
What could she mean, I wonder? she with her jewels that shine

Like flame in the dark, and her laces yellow and precious as gold!
My mother says that *her* mother wore them and then they were old.
She has rings on her slender hands and drops in her delicate ears,
And what can she want that is mine—want it even to tears?

Her husband is noble and grand, and he matches her laces for age;
He wears a cross on his breast, like the curé; is patient and sage,
Though he swears now and then; but, in reason, one cannot have all things in life;
And I, who have only my Louis, perhaps am the merrier wife.

Louis, the garçon so brave! We met for the first at the fête—
I with my ribbons of cherry, and roses, though roses that summer were late;
And Louis (Madame never saw him), he said that if roses were dead,
Their color would live in my cheeks; that's what Louis so often has said.

What could my lady have meant? I would give it to-morrow, I know,
If people would tell their mind plainly, and not speak and puzzle one so!
Ah, ha! what was that? There's a branch on my apron, a sweet
Low laugh in the vines, and the patter-patter of dear little feet.

I see you, my darling, my treasure; I see you, my baby, my Jean;
You have broken a frame in the vines, and there you are hiding. Come on.
You ought to be home rocking Fanchette, your dear little sister, you know;
And here you are laughing at mamma, and crying so softly "Peep Bo!"

I've found out Madame and her riddle; I know what she wants that is mine;
But she cannot have Jean nor Fanchette, my jewels of worth that outshine
Her rubies and diamonds by far. Here, darling, your merry "Peep Bo"
Is more unto me than to her is her beautiful lonely château.

"CAN you tell me, you stupid," the cross teacher said,
"What S double-E spells?" The boy shook his head.
"What do I do," said she, "look here! with my eye?"
The boy's face grew brighter: "Squint," was the reply.

A SLUMBER SONG.

A. HOLCOMBE AIKEN.

A BEAUTIFUL bird at the casement sings,
Now clear, now soft, his sweet voice rings!
Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!
And he tells of the land o'er the azure sea,
Where babies and birdies so blithe will be,
Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

When your soft lids fall, with their curling fringe,
He spreads his purple and silver wings,
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
And bears you away to the golden west,
Where the south-wind rocks his mate in her nest,
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

For there all the babies in slumber go,
To play with the angel babes, you know,
Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!
They gather the flowers of rubies and pearls,
That gleam like stars in their tangled curls,
Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

They harness the butterflies, two and two,
With cobweb strands of silvery hue,
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
While from tree and bower, blossom and spray,
Each wild bird carols a roundelay,
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

They chase and ride, with shouts of glee,
The angels' lambs o'er the dew-kissed lea,
Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

The lambs and their mother to us, you see,
Seem only the stars and the moon to be,
Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

Go, play with the angels the whole night long,
And join in their frolic, and sport and song!
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
But oh, bright bird, at the peep of day,
Bring back my bairnie to me, I pray—
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

THE COWARD.

J. N. MATTHEWS.

DAVE was a coward and every one
Knew it, and Lord! how we went for him,
And made him the butt of our brutal fun,
Till his face would blanch and his blue eyes brim
Into pools of tears! But he murmured not—
He would just skulk off to his tent and sit
Hour after hour in the self-same spot,
With his elbow crook'd and his face in it.

There was something about this same boy Dave,
Something we never could understand;
He came to the war on the first wild wave
That billowed the bluecaps over the land.
He was an orphan, and whether he had
Brother or sister we never knew,
Nor whence he came to us—he was a lad
That was hard to fathom, and talked with few.

Did I say Dave was a coward? Well,
It looked that way for a while; but when

We saw him flash through the breath of hell
  At Stone River, laughing among the men;
When we caught the gleam of his yellow hair
  Through the battery's smoke, and heard his voice
Ring out through the roar of the carnage there,
  With the troops of Turchin from Illinois;

When we saw, in the front of the awful fray,
  The bravest reel, and the old flag fall,
Clutched in the hand of the lad that lay
  Riddled with shot, and beyond them all—
When we saw at the close of that fearful fight,
  Two blue eyes and a shock of curls
Clotted with blood, and a face all white
  And calm, in death, as a sleeping girl's,

We turned away and we spoke no word;
  We turned, with a feeling of shame o'erpowered;
And we noticed that each man's eyes were blurred
  As they fell on the face of that fallen coward.
I tell you the army was full of men
  Like Dave, who, timid and half afraid,
Patiently bided their time, and then
  Died, like heroes, on the barricade!

ALL MANKIND ARE TREES.

PRAY listen to my song—I'll endeavor, if you please,
  To prove this world a forest, mankind nothing but trees:
For we, like trees, from earth first spring, if it be truth we learn;
Like trees we grow, then wither, and to earth again return.

The carpenter's a plane-tree, which must be plain to you ;
The surly man's a crab-tree, of course, you'll own 'tis true;
The old man is an aspen, who shakes at his decline;
And the prisoner that's locked up for life, is very like to pine.

The widow, who, oppressed with grief, frets nightly on her pillow,
I'm very sure you'll all agree, is but a weeping willow;
The sinner is a tree which bringeth forth bad fruit;
The infant is a sapling, and the sportsman but a shoot.

At the seaside the invalid comes in my muse's reach,
For I think, when there, you'll often find him very near the beech;
I must court her aid again, e'er she leave me in the lurch,
And I'll quickly prove a school-master is nearest to the birch.

Lovers, they are pear-trees, and I think you'll say with me,
The sailor's often very near the 'elm when he's out at sea;
Our army is but apple-trees—I'll explain a little more—
The fruit we will call red-streaks, with a *kernel* to each *core*.

I must now come nearer home; what tree can there be found,
To which I may compare all good friends I see around?
Some churchyards boast a tree, though gloomy, 'tis most true,
And if I'm asked to tell its name, I need only mention *yew* (you).

And now kind friends, I think you've learnt, from what I've sung or said,
We're different trees the while we live, remain trees when we're dead.
But death soon makes a total change, then we feel his cold lashes;
Variety ceases in the grave, where we all become ground ashes.

Now, you've listened to my song; I've endeavored with much ease,
To prove the world a forest, mankind only shrubs or trees.

CLEARING UP TECHNICALITIES.

FEW women are possessed of thorough executive ability or marked business qualifications, although there are instances of women managing immense fortunes and carrying on mercantile transactions with all the shrewdness and clear insight of the most successful male financiers. A lawyer tells the following story of a woman who was suddenly forced to assume control of a business.

"You are somewhat familiar with the details of your late husband's business, I presume?" said the lawyer.

"Dear me, no! That is, I—I—really, I guess so."

"Your husband dying intestate, you——"

"Intestate? What is that?"

"Without making a will."

"Oh, I thought it was a disease, and I wondered ——"

"Of course, the property of which he was seized at ——"

"Seized? I never heard that he took any that didn't belong to him."

"Well, I mean property that he possessed; the property that he possessed falls to you and your children, as the lawful legatees, and ——"

"Legatees?" What's that?"

"Heirs at law, madam."

"Oh, dear me! I hate law! Do we have to go to law then?"

"Certainly not."

"But you said so."

"Oh, no, I did not."

"Well, how can we be heirs at law, then, if we don't have anything to do with law?"

"Why, madam, heirs at law is simply a legal term in this case for natural heirs."

"Oh, yes, I see now. And who are the *un*natural heirs?"

"There are none, I hope."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I hate all this breaking of wills, and all that."

"But your husband did not leave a will."

"Oh, I forgot! Then nobody can break it, or—no—the property; nobody can take it?"

"Certainly not, if your husband was not involved any at ——"

"Involved? Involved? That means did he have any life insurance, don't it?"

"No, indeed. It means that he was not in debt."

"Oh, I'm so relieved! Then as he wasn't involved or intestate, and there wasn't any unnatural legatees or heirs at law, my children and me get everything? Is that it?"

"That is about it," laughed the lawyer. "Of course, there are some legal technicalities to be ——"

"Technicalities? My goodness! What are they?"

"Well, certain forms of law."

"Oh, dear me! What has the law to do with it? I am afraid of the law."

"You certainly have nothing to fear. One-third of the entire estate goes to you, and the residue to ——"

"The residue? What's that?"

"The remainder, then."

"What remainder?"

"Why, what is left for ——"

"But how can there be anything left, if we get it all?"

"*You* don't get it all."

"Why, you said so three or four times."

"No, no, no! I said ——"

"Oh, yes, you *did*. And we ought to have it, too; it's a shame if somebody comes in and gets the *residue*, which may be the biggest part of it, for all I know."

"Listen to me a moment. One-*third* of the property is *yours*, and the residue, or remainder, goes in equal parts to your four children. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, thank you! It's all plain as day now. My husband dying involved, and there being no will to intestate by unnatural heirs, the residue comes to me after the property goes in equal shares to my four children, and the technicalities of law are all set aside."

ANNIHILATION.

GEORGE CHINN.

'TWAS evening, and the rain was falling
In torrents, as it seemed to me,
As I was plodding home from calling
Upon Miss Jones's evening tea.

Ah! just ahead a form was flitting
With airy grace the way along,
So I—for what could be more fitting?—
O'ertook this theme of poet's song.

Exposed she was to the vicious weather,
Umbrella none had she to shield
That costume, topped by fluffy feather—
It was my duty, unconcealed—

I proffered her my storm-defier,
She spoke her thanks in accents low;
My kindness seemed she to admire;
This was a very jolly go!

We tripped along—I was in clover!—
Sweet speech was I 'bout to unbar,
When she laughed out—my bliss was over—
"Why, Harry, how gallant you are!"

Amazed was I, but, closer peering,
I gazed into her merry face,
Half mystified, yet partly fearing—
The deuce! It was my sister Grace!

OLD ACE.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

CAN any pleasure in life compare,
With a charming drive in the balmy air?
A buggy light with shimmering wheel;
Springs whose resistance you barely feel;
A spirited horse of royal breed,
With just a little more style and speed
Than any you meet, and it matters not
If his gait be pace or a swinging trot.

The tassel sways on the graceful whip;
You grasp the reins with a tighter grip;
Your horse is off for a splendid dash
And needs no touch of the urging lash.
You feel the puff of the startled air;
It floats his mane and it lifts your hair!
The hoof marks time in its measured beat,
For the swelling nostril that scorns defeat!

One glorious day in the balmy spring
John Dorr was out with his new horse King.
Though both were rich, it was his design
To buy him a faster horse than mine.
By his side the sweetest girl in the town,
Of handsome features and eyes so brown,
That gazing in where the lashes curled
Was like a view of another world
Where the angel lives and the angel sings;
And she was one that had dropped her wings
And come to earth just to let men see
How sweet the angels in heaven may be!
I envied the breeze its constant bliss
Of passing her cheek to steal a kiss!

I loved the girl when we both were young,
But getting older I'd lost my tongue.
I learned in college Latin and Greek,
But Cupid's language I could not speak.
While Jack was perfect in Cupid's art,
The only language he knew by heart.
I envied John in his ride that day,
And jogged old Spot in a leisure way,
That two-mile drive to the sulphur spring,
To test the speed of his new horse King.

John took the lead and it touched his pride;
For the fastest horse and the fairest bride
Had been his boast! Did I pass him by?
My heart, I reckon, could answer why—
I'm almost certain I lost the race
By lagging behind to look at Grace!

Jack seemed more proud of his horse that day
Than he was of Grace, which made me say:
"Be sure of your game before you boast;
From dead defeat there may rise a ghost!
I'll race you back to the town," said I,
"For Gracie's glove!" But he made reply:
"What use to you is the senseless glove?
From the soft white hand of the girl I love?
Suppose you win," he laughed in my face,
"You get the mitten and I get Grace!"
Said I: "No trophy I would so prize— "
And I caught a look from her soft brown eyes
That drove the rest of it out of my head—
I don't remember just what I said!

John laughed away till his eyes were wet;
"Increase the wager; I'll take the bet!"
"My glove," said Grace, "and the hand within,
Shall be the prize of the one to win!"

I looked at John, but he didn't chaff,
He didn't smile and he didn't laugh!
"Must I, then, race you for such a bride,"
Said John, "and carry the load beside?"

"I'll carry," said I, "the precious load!"
Her bright eye flashed and her fair cheek glowed!
She took her seat with little ado;
I tucked the robe and my heart in too!
Said I: "Old Spot!" as I stroked his neck,
And rubbed his nose and loosened his check,
"She's Bob's own Grace if you do your best!"
He pricked his ears just as if he guessed
The time had come when his master's need
Had staked all happiness on his speed.

When all was ready Grace shouted "Go!"
A word both horses seemed to know.
You heard the hoof with its measured sway
Pacing along the great highway.
You saw the swell of the panting side,
The pink that glows in the nostril wide.
I knew old Spot, if he kept that pace,
Would win my choice of the human race.
No word was spoken between us two;
The tongue is silent when hope is new.
A mile, a mile and a half we sped,
And still old Spot was a neck ahead.

Jack touched his horse with the tasseled whip;
Then Gracie, pursing her rosy lip,
Uttered a sound like a lover's kiss—pss—ss! pss—ss!
The world is ruled by a sound like this!
To urge a horse a capital plan,
And often used to encourage man;
But she never dreamed she had let me in
To her heart's fond wish that I should win.

The only time in the race she spoke
Was when, over-urged, Jack's trotter broke.
"He's running his horse and that's not fair!"
And blushing up to her auburn hair,
She grabbed the whip from my willing hand—
A move that John seemed to understand—
For she raised it high as much as to say,
Well, running's a game that two can play!
So he brought him down to an honest trot,
But couldn't keep up with dear old Spot,
Who forged ahead when he saw the whip
And passed the stake with never a skip.

On through the village he kept his speed,
For I was too happy to mind the steed;
He would not stop when the race was done,
But started home with the prize he'd won!
Nor stopped till he reached the farm-house gate,
Where good old mother was sure to wait.

I know the horse is a trifle old,
But you can't buy him with all your gold!
My Gracie loves him and pats his neck,
And says he's the best card in the deck!
And rubs his nose till he kisses her face;
She has changed his name to dear old Ace,
And smiling says: "It's the proper thing,
For it takes the Ace to beat the King!"
As she purses her lips for the well-known smack,
"I'm glad the Queen didn't take the Jack!"

THE GIFT THAT NONE COULD SEE.

MARY E. WILKINS.

"THERE are silver pines on the window-pane,
A forest of them," said he;
"And a huntsman is there with a silver horn,
Which he bloweth right merrily.

"And there is a flock of silver ducks
A-flying over his head;
And a silver sea and a silver hill
In the distance away," he said.

"And all of this is on the window-pane,
My pretty mamma, true as true!"
She lovingly smiled, but she looked not up,
And faster her needle flew.

And he breathed on the flock of silver ducks,
Till he melted them quite away;
And he saw the street, and the people pass—
And the morrow was Christmas-day.

"The children are out, and laugh and shout,
I know what it's for," said he;
"And they're dragging along, my pretty mamma,
A fir for a Christmas-tree."

He came and stood by his mother's side;
"To-night it is Christmas-eve,
And is there a gift somewhere for me,
Gold mamma, do you believe?"

Still the needle sped in her slender hands:
"My little sweetheart," said she,
"The Christ-Child has planned this Christmas for you
His gift that you cannot see."

The boy looked up with a sweet, wise look
On his beautiful baby-face:
"Then my stocking I'll hang for the Christ-Child's gift
To-night, in the chimney-place."

On Christmas morning the city through,
The children were queens and kings,
With their royal treasuries bursting o'er
With wonderful, lovely things.

But the merriest child in the city full,
And the fullest of all with glee,
Was the one whom the dear Christ-Child had brought
The gift that he could not see.

"Quite empty it looks, oh, my gold mamma,
The stocking I hung last night!"
"So, then, it is full of the Christ-Child's gift,"
And she smiled till his face grew bright.

"Now, sweetheart," she said, with a patient look
On her delicate, weary face,
"I must go and carry my sewing home,
And leave thee a little space."

"Now stay with thy sweet thoughts, heart's delight,
And I soon will be back to thee."
"I'll play while you're gone, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see."

Then he tenderly took up his empty sock,
And quietly sat awhile,
Holding it fast, and eying it
With his innocent, trusting smile.

"I am tired of waiting," he said at last;
"I think I will go and meet
My pretty mamma, and come with her
A little way down the street.

"And I'll carry with me, to keep it safe,
My gift that I cannot see."
And down the street, 'mid the chattering crowd,
He trotted right merrily.

"And where are you going, dear little man?"
They called to him as he passed,
"That empty stocking why do you hold
In your little hand so fast?"

Then he looked at them with honest eyes,
And answered sturdily:
"My stocking is full to the top, kind sirs,
Of the gift that I cannot see."

They would stare and laugh, but he trudged along,
With his stocking fast in his hand:
"And I wonder why 'tis that the people all
Seem not to understand!"

"Oh my heart's little flower!" she cried to him,
A-hurrying down the street;
"And why are you out on the street alone?
And where are you going, my sweet?"

"I was coming to meet you, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see;
But tell me why do the people laugh
And stare at my gift and me?"

Like the Maid to her Son, in the altar-piece,
So loving she looked and mild:
"Because, dear heart, of all that you met,
Not one was a little child."

O thou who art grieving at Christmas-tide,
The lesson is meant for thee:
That thou mayst get Christ's loveliest gifts
In ways thou canst not see;

And how, although no earthly good
Seems to thy lot to fall,
Hast thou a trusting, child-like heart,
Thou hast the best of all.

THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN ROHLFS.

HE was coming from the altar when the tocsin rang alarm,
With his fair young wife beside him, lovely in her bridal charm;
But he was not one to palter with a duty, or to slight
The trumpet-call of honor for his vantage or delight.

Turning from the bride beside him to his stern and martial train,
From their midst he summoned to him the brothers of Germain;
At the word they stepped before him—nine strong warriors, brave and true,
From the youngest to the eldest, Enguerrand to mighty Hugh.

"Sons of Germain, to your keeping do I yield my bride to-day.
Guard her well as you do love me; guard her well and holily.
Dearer than mine own soul to me, you will hold her as your life,
'Gainst the guile of seeming friendship and the force of open strife."

"We will guard her," cried they firmly; and with just another glance
On the yearning and despairing in his young wife's countenance,
Gallant Beaufort strode before them down the aisle and through the door,
And a shadow came and lingered where the sunlight stood before.

Eight long months the young wife waited, watching from her bridal room
For the coming of her husband up the valley forest's gloom.
Eight long months the sons of Germain paced the ramparts and the wall,
With their hands upon their halberds, ready for the battle call.

Then there came the sound of trumpets pealing up the vale below,
And a dozen floating banners lit the forest with their glow;
And the bride arose like morning, when it feels the sunlight nigh,
And her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky.

But the eldest son of Germain lifting voice from off the wall,
Cried aloud, "It is a stranger's and not Sir Beaufort's call;
Have you ne'er a slighted lover or a kinsman with a heart
Base enough to seek his vengeance at the sharp end of the dart?"

"There is Sassard of the Mountains," answered she withouten guile,
"While I wedded at the chancel, he stood mocking in the aisle;
And my maidens say he swore there that for all my plighted vow,
They would see me in his castle yet, upon Morency's brow."

"It is Sassard and no other, then," her noble guardian cried.
"There is craft in yonder summons," and he rung his sword beside.
"To the walls, ye sons of Germain! and as each would hold his life
From the bitter shame of falsehood, let us hold our master's wife."

"Can you hold her, can you shield her from the breezes that await?"
Cried the stinging voice of Sassard from his stand beside the gate.
"If you have the power to shield her from the sunlight and the wind,
You may shield her from stern Sassard when his falchion is untwined."

"We can hold her, we can shield her," leaped like fire from off the wall,
And young Enguerrand the valiant, sprang out before them all.
"And if breezes bring dishonor, we will guard her from their breath,
Though we yield her to the keeping of the sacred arms of Death."

And with force that never faltered did they guard her all that day,
Though the strength of triple armies seemed to battle in the fray.
But next morning as the sunlight rose in splendor over all,
Hugh the mighty, sank heart-wounded in his station on the wall.

At the noon the valiant Raoul of the merry eye and heart,
Gave his beauty and his jestings to the foeman's jealous dart.
Gallant Maurice next sank faltering with a death wound 'neath his hair,
But still fighting on till Sassard pressed across him up the stair.

Generous Clement followed after, crying as his spirit passed,
"Sons of Germain, to the rescue, and be loyal to the last!"
Gentle Jasper, lordly Clarence, Sessamine the doughty brand,
Even Henri who has yielded ne'er before to mortal hand,

One by one they fall and perish, while the vaunting foemen pour
Through the breach and up the courtway to the very turret's door.

Enguerrand and Stephen only now were left of all that nine,
To protect the single stairway from the traitor's fell design;

But what man of power so godlike he can stay the billow's wrack,
Or with single-handed weapon hold a hundred foemen back?
As the sun turned sadly westward, with a wild, despairing cry
Stephen bowed his noble forehead and sank down on earth to die.

"Ah ha!" then cried cruel Sassard, with his foot upon the stair,
"Have I come to thee, my boaster?" and he whirled his sword in air,
"Thou who pratest of thy power to protect her to the death,
What thinkst thou now of Sassard and the wind's aspiring breath?"

"What I think let this same show you," answered fiery Enguerrand,
And he poised his lofty battle-axe with sure and steady hand;
"Now as heaven loveth justice, may this deathly weapon fall
On the murderer of my brothers and th' undoer of us all!"

With one mighty whirl he sent it; flashing from his hand it came
Like the lightning from the heavens, in a swirl of awful flame,
And betwixt the brows of Sassard and his two false eyeballs passed,
And the murderer sank before it like a tree before the blast.

"Now ye minions of a traitor, if you look for vengeance, come!"
And his voice was like a trumpet when it clangs a victor home.
But a cry from far below him rose like thunder upward, "Nay!"
Let them turn and meet the *husband* if they hunger for the fray!"

Oh, the yell that sprang to heaven as that voice swept up the stair,
And the slaughter dire that followed in another moment there!
Ere the moon could falter inward with its pity and its woe,
Beaufort saw the path before him unencumbered of the foe:

When behold, a form upstarting from the shadows at his side,
That with naked sword uplifted barred the passage to his bride!
It was Enguerrand the dauntless, but with staring eyes, and hair
Blowing wild about a forehead pale as snow in moonlit glare.

"Ah, my master, we have held her, we have guarded her," he said;
"Not a shadow of dishonor has so much as touched her head.
Twenty wretches lie below there with the brothers of Germain,
Twenty foemen of her honor that I, Enguerrand, have slain.

"But one other foe remaineth, one remaineth yet," he cried,
"Which it fits this hand to punish ere you cross unto your bride.
It is I, Enguerrand!" shrieked he; "and as I have slain the rest,
So I smite this foeman also!"—and his sword plunged through his breast.

Oh, the horror of that moment! "Art thou mad, my Enguerrand?"
Cried his master, striving wildly to withdraw the fatal brand.
But the stern youth smiling sadly, started back from his embrace,
While a flash like summer lightning, flickered direful on his face.

"Yes, a traitor worse than Sassard;" and he pointed down the stair;
"For my heart has dared to love her whom my hand defended there.
While the others fought for honor, I by passion was made strong;
Set your heel upon my bosom for my soul has done you wrong.

"But," and here he swayed and faltered till his knee sank on the floor,
Yet in falling turned his forehead ever toward that silent door;
"But your warrior hand, my master, may take mine without a stain,
For my hand has e'er been loyal, and your enemy is slain."

HOW TOM SAVED THE TRAIN.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

AROUND the stove at the village inn,
The usual company were seated,
To drink and smoke and chaff and grin
At tales too long to be repeated.

A moment Silence held her reign,
And then a voice her realms invaded:
"Tom, tell us how you saved the train!"
Tom was not loath to be persuaded.

But first, a horn of applejack
He put away preparatory;
Then 'gainst the wall he braced his back,
And thus began his startling story:

"Upon the track, and on the ties,
One clear night I was homeward hying,
When, 'cross the rails, before my eyes,
I saw, O heavens! a great beam lying.

"It shone, a ghastly body there;
All ways at once my feelings drifted.
Although it seemed so light, I swear
I hadn't then the power to lift it.

"A sudden rumble and a roar
Struck frightfully upon my hearing;
Louder and louder than before—
I knew the night express was nearing.

"With helplessness I weaker grew,
And, fainting, on my knees was falling.
What should I do—what could I do—
To avert disaster so appalling?

"On me it came! As in a dream
I thought I saw the dead and dying.
I sprang between the track and beam—
And on, unharmed, the train went flying!"

A moment's hush. You might have heard
The dew drop. One said: "I can't see, sir,
Just how that blamed old beam was stirred."
"I didn't touch it; it touched me sir."

"But," he persisted, "tell this much;
I want the answer that I go for:
You couldn't lift, you didn't touch,
Pray how, then, did the train get over?"

Said Tom, as toward the door he went:
"Why, don't you see? Now don't get mad, Oh!
It was a *moonbeam* that I meant;
I sprang between and left my shadow!"

MIND YOUR P'S.

PERSONS who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocket-book kept plethoric by prompt-paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints the picture of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it.

MY RIVAL.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I GO to concert, party, ball—what profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall and strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right they burn before her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush, my color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips, and sometimes to my nose.
But she is white where white should be, and red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant cheek; I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs, not quite the proper thing.
I'm very *gauche* and very shy, her jokes aren't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen, while she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go, each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but they grovel at her feet.
They walk beside her 'rickshaw wheels—none ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men (she calls them "boys" and "mashes"),
I trot along the Mall alone; my prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my program-card, and vainly I repine
From ten to two A. M. Ah, me! would I were forty-nine.

She calls me "darling" "pet," and "dear," and "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know, she puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men, "cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen, nineteen to forty-nine.

But even she must older grow and end her dancing days,
She can't go on forever so at concerts, balls and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see before my footsteps shine:
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one when I am forty-nine!

GOING DOWN TO MARY'S.

HE was an old man who boarded the train at a small station in western New York. Two young men brought him to the steps of the car and helped him on, and as he entered we saw that he leaned heavily on his cane and was very feeble.

"The children kept at me till I had to promise to go," he said, as he sat down: "Hain't bin down to Mary's in five years, and I've got so old I dasn't wait any longer. It's purty tough on an old man like me, but I want to see Mary and the grandchildren."

"I take it you are going to spend Thanksgiving with your daughter," remarked the man on the seat ahead.

"That's it. Mary's my oldest gal. Got five of 'em, and all married off. She would have me come and make a visit. Mary was allus a good gal, and she married a good man. You'll tell me when I get there, won't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"'Cause they'll all be there at the depot to meet me. My son Steve writ that I was comin'."

He had about forty miles to go, and when we passed the first three or four stations, he was anxious for fear that he would be carried by the right one. After that he leaned over on the window and fell asleep. Just before the train arrived at the station, the man who had spoken to him turned about and said:

"Come, grandpa, you get off here."

The old man did not move, and the stranger arose and shook his arm and said:

"Wake up, grandpa! This is your station, and Mary and the children are waiting. Come, now!"

Mary and her husband and three happy children came hurrying into the car and shouted:

"Here he is! Here's our grandpa come to spend Thanksgiving!".

But he was with his God.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

EVERY one is familiar with Tennyson's story of the Lady of Shalott, who was forbidden to look from the windows of her palace upon the world outside, but who saw its scenes reflected in a mirror that hung within her room. Everyone knows that she lived many years ago, on an island where fair white lilies grew. Everyone has had a tender thought of her, as she went floating down the river at last, with a lily folded in her hands. All know *her* story. But very few know that another Lady of Shalott lived, last summer, in an attic in South street.

When this Lady of Shalott was five years old her mother threw her down-stairs one day, by mistake, instead of the whisky jug. They picked up the Lady of Shalott, and put her on her bed in the attic, and there she lay from that day until last summer. The mother and the jug both went down the stairs a few years after, and never came up. Since that, the Lady of Shalott had lived with her sister Sary Jane.

Sary Jane made vests at sixteen and three-quarter cents a dozen. She had crooked shoulders and red hair and a sharp voice. Her crooked shoulders had come from sitting under the palace-eaves to sew. There was not room enough under the eaves to sit straight. Her red hair was the result of sitting under the eaves in the sun on July noons, to see to thread her needle. As for her voice, when one knew that Sary Jane made vests at sixteen and three-quarter cents a dozen, that was a matter of no surprise. But Sary Jane was very cross; there was no denying that—very cross.

And the palace. It measured just twelve by nine feet. From the centre it sloped away to the windows, where Sary Jane had just room enough to sit crooked under the eaves at work. There were two windows, one on either side, and a loose scuttle to let in the sun in summer, the snow in winter, and the rain and wind at all times. Besides the bed on which the Lady of Shalott lay was a

stove, two chairs, a very ragged mat, a shelf with two notched cups and plates upon it, one pewter teaspoon and—a looking-glass. This glass hung on the slope of the rafters, just opposite the Lady of Shalott's window.

Now, because the rafters sloped, and because the bed was almost between the looking-glass and her window, the Lady of Shalott was happy. The glass measured, in inches, ten by six. But all the world came for the Lady of Shalott into her looking-glass —the joy of it, the sorrow of it, the hope and fear of it, the health and hurt—ten by six inches of it exactly. It sometimes occurred to her that there was a monotony about the world. There certainly was a monotony about the people in the Lady of Shalott's glass. If their faces were not dirty, their hands were. If they had hats, they went without shoes. If they did not sit in the sun with their heads on their knees, they lay in the gutter with their heads on a jug.

"They look so tired!" she said one day to Sary Jane.

"No wonder!"

"Why?"

"Wonder is we ain't all dead in this street!"

"Sary Jane, dear," said the Lady of Shalott, by and by, "have you ever thought that perhaps I was a little weaker—than I was—once?"

"I guess you can stand it if I can!"

"Oh, yes, dear, I can stand it if you can."

"Well, then!" But the vests hid Sary Jane's face as she said it.

That day such a beautiful thing happened! As the Lady of Shalott lay looking into her glass she saw Sary Jane in the glass. Now Sary Jane, she well knew, was not in the room just then. She had gone out to see what she could find for dinner. She had five cents to spend on dinner. Yet Sary Jane stood in the glass, and her arms were full of drooping lily-bells.

"Flowers?"

"Smell 'em and see! No, it ain't the glass. It's me! Smell 'em—smell 'em! I got 'em at the Flower Charity."

"Bless it!"

"But I only got a lemon for dinner."

"Bless it!" said the Lady of Shalott again. But she did not mean the lemon.

Flowers wither. The Lady of Shalott's did. Yet every day she lifted the bunch of fading lily-bells, and held it up smiling, that the little glass might see. And the little glass smiled back in reply. One day she said:

"I see a strange man in the glass."

"A what in which? Oh, the man across the street, I suppose you mean. That's one of them hospital doctors; I've seen him 'round before. He's talking to them boys now about throwing stones. He'd better. If they don't look out they'll hit somebody."

"Oh, the glass! the glass!"

The hospital doctor in the street below stood still; so did Sary Jane, half risen from her chair; such a cry rang out from the palace window. In a twinkling the hospital doctor stood beside the bed. The Lady of Shalott lay quite still.

"Are you very much hurt? Where were you struck? I heard the cry and came."

"It's not me. Never mind. I wish it was. I'd rather 'twas me than the glass. Oh, my glass! Never mind. I s'pose there'll be some other pleasant thing."

"How long have you lain here?"

"Ever since I can remember, sir. But, then, I have always had my glass."

"Where is the pain?"

The Lady of Shalott touched the shoulder of her little brown calico night-dress, and looked up into the doctor's face smiling.

"Her case could be cured," said the doctor to Sary Jane. "It is cruel."

Sary Jane lifted her sharp face out of the billows of vests. "Sir," she said, "it may be because I make vests at sixteen and three-quarter cents a dozen, but I say, before God, there's something cruel somewheres. Look at her. Look at me. Just feel the sun in 't these windows. Then talk of curin' her!"

"The Board of Health ——"

"Don't talk to me about the Board of Health! Why ain't they done nothin' before? It's too late now! Don't bother her! Let her be!"

"Yes, let me be. The glass is broken!"

The kind-hearted doctor went away. And the night fell presently—a hot night even for South street.

"Sary Jane, dear," said the Lady of Shalott, "the glass is broken, and I'm afraid I can't stand it as well as you can."

Sary Jane gave the Lady of Shalott a sharp look, and put away her vests. She came to the bed. The Lady of Shalott raised herself upon her elbow. She looked at the rafters where the ten by six inch glass had hung.

"Sary Jane, dear, I would stand it if I could, but—the glass —is—broken."

Two days after, the Board of Health, coming up the stairs into the Lady of Shalott's palace, were met and stopped by another board. It was only a board of pine, but it had the right of way. On it, in her little brown calico night-dress, with a bunch of faded lily-bells in her hand, and Sary Jane's old shawl across her feet, lay the Lady of Shalott.

"WHIP-POOR-WILL."

CLARENCE BENNETT.

SOFT and bright the dew was falling on the wild rose and the daisies,
And the glory slowly faded from the cloud-land of the west,
And the mountains o'er their vale-babes spread their cradle-gilt of hazes,
While the night-wind crooned the lullaby that soothed them to their rest.
When a boy, with face of culprit, and a man severe of feature,
Came together down the flower-bordered pathway by the hill,
And the bird in yonder elm-tree, like a mad, revengeful creature,
Cried in tones so full of malice: "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

For that day the boy had loitered, on the path across the meadow,
With his little red-cheeked, dark-eyed sweetheart, Katie, by his side.
When, within the crabthorn thicket, hidden deep in purple shadow,
A bird's nest full of baby birds the little youngsters spied.
"Please, Billy, let mé see 'em!" cried little bright-eyed Kittie;
Billy got them, and she clasped them with that happy mother thrill,
As a child will clasp a duckling—just a bit too tight—what pity!
She had squeezed to death the helpless little nestling whip-poor-will!

O'er her victim, broken-hearted, Katie'd weep and sadly ponder,
Billy clasped her in his arms and tried to soothe away her tears;
They forgot that they were truants from the country school-house yonder,
And his little sweetheart's sorrow banished manly Willy's fears.
When the sun was slowly sinking, and the stars came out on picket,
Billy helped the little maiden o'er the log across the rill,
And they started as a voice from out the horror-haunted thicket
Seemed to wail and shriek in anger, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

So that night poor Katie waited, as the two came down together,
For the father looked so angry and the boy had naught to say,
And she knew the teacher'd told him, 'twixt remarks about the weather,
That poor Billy had been absent from the school for half a day.
As she waits beside the turnstile, how the little red lips quiver,
And the tears of love and sorrow now the big, sad eyes fill,
As she hears the voices calling from the woods beside the river,
To that father unrelenting, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

With a sob she stood before them: "'Twasn't Billy, it was me, sir!
For I loved a little bird to death, there where the nest was hid.
And he tried to stop my cryin', for I felt so bad, you see, sir!"
And a voice among the daisies seemed to chirp out, "Katie did!"
But the father, puritanic, said: "The boy acts so depravedly;
He's a lazy little truant from his books and lessons, still.
I must punish him," he answered. So Will took his whipping bravely,
And the birds screamed out in triumph, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Years rolled on. They're man and matron in the little cottage yonder,
And a cooing baby nestles in the mother's arms to rest,
And the bearded lips smile kindly and the manly eyes grow fonder,
And the strong arms draw the babe and mother closer to his breast;
And his kiss is full of loving, and the big, strong voice is wooing,
As he listens to the echo from the elm beside the mill;
For he sees again the sad eyes and the gentle red lips suing,
As he hears the night-bird calling, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

THE SPELLING-LESSON.

[A recitation for a boy, who should be dressed in an old-fashioned boy's suit of blue denim, with large white buttons. He enters holding with both hands an old, dog-eared blue spelling-book, having torn leaves at the back. The more green and awkward the boy's appearance, the better.]

I'M glad I found my speller. Grannie said if I'd study my lesson so's't I'd get up to the head, she'd make me a turnover pie. I like grannie's turnover pies. [*Smacks his lips.*]

I'm next to the head now; there's only me and another boy in the class. [*Shrugs shoulders with a broad grin.*]

Where is the old lesson anyway?

[*Opens book, peering closely at the words.*] B-a ba, k-e-r ker, baker. Pshaw! that's not the place ; here it is.

[*Opens book at the last whole page, showing the torn leaves.*] Comes pretty near being in the back part of the spelling-book, where the leaves are all torn out ; that's where dad said he learned to spell.

[*Looks intently at the page.*]

Let's see. In-com-pat-i-bility. I-n in, c-o-m com, p-a-t pat, in-com-pat, i and I, in come Pat and I. [*Shuts book with a slap on the cover and points to himself.*] That's me; I'm glad we both got in. Where was I ? Ah ! here 'tis [*opens book*] b-i-l bil, in comes Pat and I and Bill. Pshaw! that's not the way. [*Puts book under arm, and counts on fingers.*] First person, you come in ; second person, he, she, or they come in ; third person, I come in myself. There, don't you see ? It ought to be, in come Pat and Bill and I. [*Opens book.*] I'll be dog-goned if I hav'n't lost my place ; I'll begin again.

[*Straightens up in a pompous manner.*]

I-n, in ; c-o-m, com ; p-a-t, pat, in-com-pat ; i, in come Pat and I. There, if I'm not in again before Bill ! [*Shuts book with a puzzled expression.*] What's the matter with Bill; does anybody know ?

[*Looks in book.*] I-n, in ; c-o-m, com ; p-a-t, pat, in come Pat. Pat's income! [*Shows open-mouthed wonder.*] How much income did Pat have ? [*Spells again.*] I and I—in come Pat and I ; why don't I have an income too ? B-i-l, bil, there now, Bill's got in without any income. [*Looks puzzled.*] Let's see. Did Bill come in ? B-i-l, bil ; i— Bill's eye ; wonder what was the matter with Bill's eye ? Pat come in ; say, did Pat and Bill both come in ? I-n, in ; c-o-m, com ; p-a-t, pat ; i, eye—was Pat's income all in his eye?

[*Spells from book.*] I-n, in ; c-o-m, com ; p-a-t, pat; i, incompati ; b-i-l, bil ; i, Bill's eye ! [*Pauses, looking disgusted.*] Well, shucks ! there's only one eye apiece for Pat and Bill ; they'll need an income ; should think they ought to have a pension, or else buy a hand-organ and a monkey.

[*Begins again very fast.*] I-n, in ; c-o-m, com ; p-a-t, pat ; i ; b-i-l, bil ; i ; Pat I, Bill I, what's the matter with me ? I didn't

come in twice, did I? P-a-t, pat; i—dash it, I'm awfully rattled on this lesson; bother take an old blue speller, anyway! [*Shuts it with a bang.*] I don't see why we can't all get in together. [*Hits book.*] Sometimes Bill don't get in till morning. What difference does it make who gets in first?

[*Puts book under arm, and displays a ball.*] There's a lot more of the silly syllables, t-y, ty, or t-i-o-n, shun—or something. Who cares anyway? I don't want to know how to spell. [*Throws book down.*] What do I want to spell for? Josh Billings couldn't spell; he didn't know a spelling-book from a horse-block; he got along all right. I'll risk it anyhow. The whole thing is a fraud. I'm going out to play ball, and grannie can keep her old turnover pies, for all o' me. [*Kicks book, and rushes away.*]

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

LIKE to hear how I was crippled? I'm loath to bring the scene to mind,
But step inside and take a seat, sir, such a one as you will find.
Switchmen's huts are rather roughish, not the daintiest of places.
Kind of lonesome little homesteads where it's seldom strangers' faces
Venture in, sir; still you're welcome. Well, it happened in this way:
Engineer aboard the "Dolphin," working on the night relay,
I was scheduled on the west-bound limited and fast express;
Held a record I was proud of. "Always up to time," unless
Such a thing as breakdowns stopped us. To continue, on that night,
Up to time we sped along well, everything was running light;
On the single track we'd traveled maybe thirty miles or so
Full speed, when, without a warning, crash! and plunging on we go.
Rails are spread; I seized the lever, shut off steam and held my breath,

Groaned to God for wife and children, steeled my heart, awaited death.
On we tore with thund'rous clatter; Bill, the fireman, then jumped,
Still I held on, duty bade me—on her side the "Dolphin" dumped.
Over rolled she down th' embankment; ne'er can I forget the sight
As I crawled out scalded, bleeding, saw the wreck, the frenzied fright.
Quick as flash it dawned upon me that the east-bound train was due,
Snatching lantern from the "Dolphin," o'er the track I madly flew
Till my strength gave out; exhausted down I sank upon the track,
With my left arm dangling limply in an agonizing wrack.
Seconds seemed as long-drawn hours while I quivered in my pain,
Staring into utter darkness, waiting for that east-bound train,
While I stanched that helpless left arm, fainter growing from my wound,
Fainter, fainter, life seemed ebbing—then I heard the well-known sound,
Saw the headlight of the east-bound, tried to wave my lantern then.
Flesh and blood are only human; nature was succumbing, when
Rushed the burning, searing thought, as I cried out in hoarse affright:
"Red for danger" is the signal, my white light means all is right!
Weakly tottering to my feet, again I fell ere I could wave
E'en my white light; seemed that nothing, nothing could that east-bound save.
Then in numbed despair as I lay, nearer, nearer came she speeding;
Flashed the thought of bandaged kerchief, white ere I had stanched my bleeding.
"Crimson dyed it must be," cried I, as I tore it off my wound,
Mad with terror, quick I threw it o'er my white light, then I swooned.
Nothing further I remembered, but they told me afterward

When they saw the white light flash red 'twas too late by some two yards,
For they found me lying senseless underneath the east-bound train,
Just outside the track I'd scrambled as I fainted in my pain,
With my maimed arm lying helpless, crushed and mangled on the rail.
"Nobly done?" Oh, not at all, sir, just a usual railroad tale.
Duty first, sir, though the chances are a life against a train.
"Must be going?" Well, good morning; when you're passing, call again.

WHAT IS FAME?

J. H. STEDMAN.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said, "What a big boy am I."

It is eccentric, if not geometric,
To put up a "corner" on pie.
It comes round with Christmas, that plums and all this fuss
About Horner's deed is awry.

It seems no great something, to pull out this plum thing,
But why did he probe with his thumb?
Less mussy and awkward, his finger or fork would
Have exhumed the coveted plum.

The phrase he repeated, was very conceited,
Much better if he had kept mum,
Instead of exclaiming, true modesty shaming,
"See what a big boy, *Ego sum!*"

Such manner of feeding shows very ill-breeding,
The small boy to-day for such prank
Would get a good spanking, instead of outranking
His fellows—but fame is a crank!

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

WILLIAM LYLE.

O CHARLIE was juist a king to see,
He smiled an' nodded his heid to me,
When stately he marched adoon the glen—
The brawest o' a' his hielan' men.
I vowed to send in his royal train
The bonny lad that ca'd me his ain.
His arm is strang, and his heart is leal—
The yellow-haired lad I lo'e sae weel.

He cam' that nicht to the trysting-place,
An' muckle sorrow cam' ower his face
When I tauld him ere he wedded me
Oor guid Prince Charlie a king maun be.
Sair was my heart when he turned to gang,
But hope aye whispered, it's no' for lang;
My ain true lad wi' the heart sae leal
Will come for the lass he lo'es sae weel.

He had na gane but a week or twa,
When a spaewife cam' ae gloamin' fa';
I gied her a fee, my han' she took,
Syne shook her heid wi' a waeful look;
"My bonny dearie your weird is wae,
There's bluid on the gait that ye maun gae,
There's a hielan' lad whas heart is leal,
He's lost to the lass that lo'ed him weel."

Waes me for my weird, an' that sad say,
Sair tidings cam' to the glen ae day.
Treason an' bluidy Cumberland's host
Had won in the fecht an' a' was lost.
Then oh! my heart for Scotland's doonfa',
Oh! my heart for the king that's awa!
Noo let it break, for deid on the fiel'
Lies the braw laddie I lo'ed sae weel!

HOW THE ORGAN WAS PAID FOR.

KATE A. BRADLEY.

LOUD the organ tones came swelling all the crowded aisles along;
Gladdest praise their music thrilling in a burst of wordless song.
Oft the chink of falling money sounded soft the notes between,
But the plate seemed slow in filling—little silver could be seen.

Hands in pockets lingered sadly, faces looked unwilling, cold;
Gifts from slow, unwilling fingers o'er the plate's rich velvet rolled.
"It's Thanksgiving, dear," a mother whispered to her questioning son;
"We must give to the new organ all our pennies, every one.

"Then it will be ours, all paid for, and will sweeter music send
In thanksgiving up to heaven, with the angels' praise to blend."
Slowly passed the plate of off'rings, while a child-voice whispered low:
"I put in my every penny; mamma, will the organ know

"That I gave the yellow penny Uncle Charlie sent to me?"
"Yes, dear," whispered soft the mother, "God your gift will surely see."
"Give, oh, give!" the music pleaded. "Give, that loud I may rejoice!"
Then thro' all the waiting stillness, piped a shrill, indignant voice:

"Mamma, do you think the organ saw that rich old Deacon Cox
Only gave one little penny when they passed the music box?"
Quick the little voice was quiet, but a flush of honest shame
From awakened hearts uprising, over many faces came.

And the deacon, slowly rising, as the organ died away,
Said, "I humbly here acknowledge to a wicked heart to-day,
Friends and brothers; but my sinning I will alter, as I live,
And the half of what is lacking here to-day, I freely give;

"That our glorious new organ may give praise to God on high,
With no debt of earth upon it that our gold can satisfy."
Then arose another brother, and another still, and more,
Giving with a lavish spending as they never gave before.

Till the plate was overflowing and the organ debt secure;
Then they took a contribution for Thanksgiving and the poor.
And as outward with the music a glad stream of people flows,
Soft a childish voice cries, "Mamma, I am sure the organ knows!"

WHY THE COWS CAME LATE.

JOHN HOYNTON.

CRIMSON sunset burning o'er the tree-fringed hills
Golden are the meadows, ruby-flashed the rills,
Quiet in the farm-house, home the farmer hies;
But his wife is watching, shading anxious eyes,
While she lingers with her pail, beside the barn-yard gate,
Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home so late.

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden, wandered down the lane;
That was ere the daylight had begun to wane.
Deeper grow the shadows; circling swallows cheep;
Katydids are calling; mists o'er meadows creep.
Still the mother shades her eyes, beside the barn-yard gate,
And wonders where her Jenny and the cows can be so late!

Lowing sounds are falling, homeward now at last.
Speckle, Bess and Brindle, through the gate have passed.
Jenny, sweetly blushing, Jamie, grave and shy,
Takes the pail from mother, who stands silent by.
Not one word is spoken as the mother shuts the gate—
Now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late!

ARCHIE'S MOTHER.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"ARCHIE'S wife? Yes, dear, but where's Archie?
My first kiss is waiting for him,
For since his good-bye that sad morning,
Past the years my tears have made dim,
No kiss has lain over his kisses,
No love has come into my life.
But he—who has had his caresses?
I ask you this—you, his wife.

"He's not here to welcome his mother,
What's wrong? Is my dear son ill?
You came? Yes, dear, but remember,
Archie's place none other can fill.
'Twas business detained him, I reckon.
Well, well, I won't let it annoy:
No doubt he is climbing the ladder
Of fame he dreamed of as a boy.

"You are a sweet girl. I don't blame you
For taking first place in his heart.
It has seemed to me—don't be offended,
I'm his mother, and know every part
Of his nature, and somehow his letters
Have been rather downcast of late,
He is writing so often for money,
And hints at things sad to relate.

"I thought you were childish and giddy,
Extravagant, too, I confess;
But I see no reason to chide you
For extravagance in your dress.
Your pretty print frock is quite tidy,
Your collar as white as the snow;
But if you don't spend them for laces,
Where is it the dollars all go?

"The carriage? Oh, well, never mind it,
We'll walk if it isn't far;
I'm quite numb and weary with sitting
So long in the dusty car.
Thanks, dear. Archie's arm would be stronger.
To think I shall see him to-day,
My tall, handsome son! How is baby?
Are his eyes blue like yours, or gray?

"Not overly strong? It's a mercy
I came to you now; for I know
All about the needs of a baby,
And the food that will make him grow.
My Archie was puny and sickly
For years, the most of the time
I kept the breath of life in him,
By doses of brandy and wine.

"Yes, brandy and wine are great blessings
To mothers, in many a way;
Without them I couldn't have raised him
To love us and bless us to-day.
And the little rogue learned to like them:
Why, he'd take the bitterest pill
With only a swallow of porter
To wash it down. Dear, are you ill?
You're not going to lose your baby:
Just give me a plenty of time,
And he shall be strong and rosy.
I'll cure him as I cured mine!

"*'You'd rather he'd die!'* Alice Dutton,
I'm surprised, nay shocked, I confess.
Are you Christian or pagan, I wonder,
That you dare stand here and express
Such heathenish views! Will the Father
Work miracles, think, for your son?
Will he take your sick boy and cure him,
Till your part is faithfully done?

"'Tis a shame on your son to suggest it.
A shame on your darling and mine!
Why! six generations of Duttons
Have proved themselves stronger than wine,
Not once disgracing their manhood.
Don't mention it, Alice, I pray;
Your boy is the last of the lineage—
Do you think him less noble than they?

"Disgrace is unknown to a Dutton
In all their ancestral line.
Do you fear that their blue blood is tarnished
And weakened by mixture with thine?
Nay, child, your grave apprehensions
Are shadowless as the wind;
Don't weep so, dear, Archie's mother
Never meant to be unkind.

"You are like a fair, gentle daughter,
Your face is so tender and sweet.
You are like—But where are we going?
Why turn down that terrible street?
This house? Why, child, 'tis a hovel!
See that drunken man stretched in the way!
Don't show me rum's wretchedness, Alice,
I'm worn out with travel to-day.

"You surely don't seek your companions
Among those so wretchedly low?
You, wife of my son, and the mother
Of my son's son! Let us go
To your home at once. Alice! Alice!
Don't touch that vile drunken man,
The loathsome being has fallen
As low as humanity can.
His very breath is pollution;
Redemption for such, there is none.
He!—O my God! it is Archie!
It is Archie, my son, my son!"

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

GERTRUDE HALL.

THE farmer had five buxom girls,
Joan, Betty, Hester, Peggy, and Kate,
And all had dimples, blushes, curls,
Had dewy lips and noses straight,
And four, in truth, were not sedate,
But Kate was quiet as a mouse,
And I loved Kate,
And I dwelt in her father's house.

And when at night all work was o'er,
The girls and we, the farmer boys,
Would clear the great, worn kitchen floor
For games accompanied with noise;
And when none knew what more to play—
The games each having served enough,
I'd shyly say:
"Let's have a round at blind-man's-buff."

Then, while all minds were occupied
With searching for that kerchief red,
Of size sufficient to be tied
About the boyish bullet head,
Kate with one finger on her lip,
Her long, moist eyes on mine that glowed,
Would slyly slip
From out the busy, laughing crowd,

And spend among the window plants
  One careless minute, casually
Lifting the window-blind, perchance,
  And gazing out—as if to see;
Returning whence, she held between
  Slim finger and unconscious thumb
        A trifle green—
  A sprig of rose-geranium,

That, when the game began at last,
  She teased until her finger smelt,
And then its sweetness she'd make fast
  Between her panting heart and belt;
And when my turn came to be blind
  Fate must have slyer been than fate,
        But I could find
  My little rose-geranium Kate.

Oh, happy groping in the dark,
  Through fifteen thicknesses of red!
I'd stop and make believe to hark,
  When I'd sniff the air instead,
And at my sleeve fair Peg would pluck
  And Joan into my arms would burst.
        But no—I'd duck—
  She must smell of geranium first!

Oh, pleasure! blindly following
  That fleeting perfume—haunting, fine,
And when I'd caught the sweet, scared thing,
  Mine, for one little moment mine,
Oh, bliss! for I might kiss her cheek
  As was the custom at that date,
        She's not so meek—
As she was then—now, are you, Kate?

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly;
Around the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grapes of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the Line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strife, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say.
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AS one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned:
When I should be a poet, and, with nothing else to do,
But write the tender verses that she set the music to;

When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine;

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine!

THE LEGEND OF OGRE CASTLE.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE Lady May went forth at morn
The greenwood round to roam,
The greenwood fair that spread for miles
Around her castled home;
And plucking flowers to deck her hair,
And singing, Lady May
Found she had strayed in forest shade
Too far from home away.

She turned upon her steps, when, lo!
Leapt from a hanging limb,
And stood directly in her path,
An ogre, dark and grim.
Unkempt his locks of yellow hair,
His skin was like the pye's,
His fingers were like eagle claws,
And ferret-like his eyes.

"Where are you going?" thundered he,
"And why do you wander here,
Where mine are trees, and mine are flowers,
And mine the tawny deer?
You've trespassed on my wide domain,
And passed your father's by;
This is Amal the ogre's land,
Amal the ogre, I."

She could not scream, she could not flee,
She trembled as he spake,
But crossed herself and prayed for aid
For the Blessed Master's sake.
At which the ogre loudly laughed,
And to the lady said:
"I am of earth, and Christian ban
Falls harmless on my head.

"Earl Carlon is a childless man
Henceforward and for aye,
For she who was his darling child
Shall be my bride to-day;
And months shall come and months shall go,
And passing years shall be,
Ere he shall see the daughter fair
That must away with me."

Then seizing her within his arms,
He bore the maid away;
He bore her to the church's door;
She durst not say him nay.
And there the old priest made them one,
And she, Earl Carlon's pride,
Lost home and friends, and so became
Amal the ogre's bride.

Ten years had come and ten had gone,
And children twain were born,
When forth to hunt the tawny deer
The ogre went one morn;
And waiting there for his return,
The lady longed to gaze
Once more upon the home wherein
She dwelt in other days.

She took her son and daughter through
The pathway in the wood,
And hurried on till they before
Earl Carlon's castle stood.
The tears they gathered in her eyes
The olden pile to see;
"My home was there," she murmured low;
"My father—where is he?"

With knights around rode up the earl,
And stopped his steed, and said:
"This woman is my daughter May,
Whom I have mourned as dead.
Fair welcome back! this hour repays
For years of grief and pain;
But be you maid, or be you wife?
And whose these children twain?"

"I've lived a wife ten years or more,
Five miles beyond these towers;
Amal the ogre is my lord,
These children twain are ours.
A loving husband has he been,
And ever kind to me,
And honor's self in all his deeds,
An ogre though he be."

And then Amal came riding up,
To seek his dear ones three.
Earl Carlon's brow grew black with wrath,
And "Seize the wretch!" said he.
And ere Amal could draw his sword,
To serve him in his need,
A score of burly men-at-arms
Had dragged him from his steed.

"Unhappy woman," cried the earl,
Learn to thy deep despair,
The lord thou lovest is the one
Who slew thy cousin's heir;
When died our kinsman Ethelred,
He slew his only son,
And kept by force of gramarye
The lands the murder won.

"He closed your eyes by wicked arts,
By magic spells and dread,
Or with an ogre foul as he
You never could have wed.
And you and these shall dwell at home,
My children all to be;
But for Amal—I'll hang him high
Upon the gallows-tree!"

She bent her low, the Lady May,
While tears fell o'er her face;
She bent her low, and on her knee
Implored her father's grace.
"For know the truth," she sobbing said,
"An ogre though he be,
The man whom you to death would doom
Is all the world to me."

"Rise up, my daughter," cried the earl,
"Your prayers are all in vain;
I've sworn before I rest to-night
The ogre shall be slain!
Were I foresworn it were disgrace
To one of lineage high;
From hence the ogre's form shall pass,
Or I shall surely die."

She rose and snatched a sword from one
Of those who stood around,
And sprang to where the ogre stood,
And cut the bands that bound.
"Draw forth your sword, my lord," she cried,
"We'll fight it out amain;
They shall not grace the gallows-tree
Till both of us be slain!"

When lo! upon her words there came
A change of form and face:
The loathly ogre grew to be
A knight of courtly grace,
A stalwart knight of stately mien—
A hideous thing no more.
"And who art thou," Earl Carlon cried,
"Who ogre was before?"

"I am thy cousin's son; by me
Amal the ogre fell;
But, dying, through his gramarye,
Upon me laid a spell,
That I should take his name and shape,
And in his mind should be,
Until some woman pure and fair
Should risk her life for me.

"The wife I gained without thy will
From thrall her lord hath won;
To-day you have your daughter back
And with her take a son."
"In faith, I shall," Earl Carlon said;
"And pleasant 'tis, I wis,
When from an ogre's form there springs
A son as fair as this!"

Earl Carlon lies in cloistered earth,
The rest have passed away;
The castle where they lived and died
Is now in ruins gray.
But where the ogre bore his bride,
Four stately towers are found,
And these are Ogre Castle styled
By all who dwell around.

A BUNDLE OF LOVES.

MARY L. GADDESS.

[Gypsy costume; fancy basket with hearts and darts and an empty mitten.]

I AM a Gypsy, you see, friends,
My tent's in the woodland close by;
I've a bundle of loves to dispose of,
Come lads and come lassies and buy.
Who'll buy? Who'll buy? [*Holding up hearts*]

I've a basket of loves to dispose of,
They are sad little mischievous things;
They are full of more tricks than one knows of,
That is, if you don't clip their wings.
Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Here's a boy love, as full as a cartridge
Of combustible passion and fire;
Here's a girl love, with wings like a partridge,
She's a dear little cherub! Who'll buy her?
Come buy, come buy;
I've a basket of loves to dispose of, who'll buy?

Come lassies and lads, in your sorrow
That love has your hearts never thrilled,
Come buy, and to-day, and to-morrow
The void shall forever be filled.
Come buy, come buy. [*Hold out hearts.*]

So you're coming at last. Well, I've plenty,
Enough for you all, lad and maid;
But I can't in a moment serve twenty,
So wait lassies, don't be afraid.
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

You must keep your loves warm with devotion,
For they are such delicate things—
If you treat them unkindly you'll lose them,
For, remember, the darlings have wings.
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
I've a basket of loves to dispose of, who'll buy?

And lassies, beware; some are fickle;
What's this? Oh! a mitten, I see. [*Open it.*]
Well, perhaps you had best take it with you,
For some time it useful may be.
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
I've a nice little mitten to sell you, who'll buy?

DOES A TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY PAY?

DOES a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday, when my own baby slipped into my study and scrubbed the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest perfumery out of the window, "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the centre of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost over $100 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I

hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"*rat, tat, tat,*" go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"*Rat, tat, tat.*"

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa"

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in!"

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly:

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay? Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again and again in whispering into my ears: "I lub my papa."

WHY?

A MAIDEN'S crown of glory is her silken, rippling hair;
We love it, ay, we kiss it, on her bonny head so fair.
Yet should that lovely maiden, in the making of a pie,
One silken strand bake in it, we'd scorn and loathe it. Why?

THE HIPPODROME RACE.

GEORG EBERS.

Arranged by ELSIE M. WILBOR.

Place: Alexandria. Time: 391, *A. D.*

THE spacious hippodrome was packed. The storm of the previous night, when the Christians had attacked the temple and nearly destroyed the idol Serapis, had blown over. Wild excitement was manifest, and hatred had added its taint. The Christians wore blue knots of ribbons, while the heathen color was red.

The people were beginning to rebel against the delay, when Cynegius, the Imperial Legate, rose and waved the signal for the races to begin.

Four races were to be run. In each of the first three twelve chariots were to start, and in the fourth only the leaders in the three former races were to compete. The winner in this final heat would bear the honors of the day and his party would be victorious.

Lots were drawn to decide which shed each chariot was to start from, and in which race each was to run. It was Marcus the Christian's lot to start with the first lot, and Hippias, the heathen hero of the hippodrome, was his rival, with the four famous bays.

Cynegius repeated his signal. The sound of the trumpet rang through the air. A bronze eagle was slowly raised high into the air; this was the signal for the chariots to come forth.

Until this moment only the privileged possessors of seats over the *carceres* had been able to see the horses and drivers; now the competitors were visible to the multitude which broke into applause. The *agitatores* had to exert all their strength to hold in the eager teams till Cynegius signaled for the third time. A golden dolphin, on which the eye of every charioteer was fixed, dropped to the ground, a blast on the war-trumpet was sounded, and forty-eight horses flew forth as though thrown forward by one impulsion.

Five blue and seven red competitors had drawn the first lots. The eye rested with pleasure on the sinewy figures whose bare feet seemed rooted to the boards they stood on, while their eyes were riveted on the goal they were striving to reach. A close cap with floating ribbons confined the hair, and they wore a short sleeveless tunic, swathed round the body with wide bands, as if to brace the muscles and add to the strength. The reins were fastened round the hips so as to leave the hands free, not only to hold them, but also to ply the whip and use the goad.

Before long Hippias' bay team was leading. Behind were two Christian drivers, followed by three red chariots; Marcus was last of all, but it was by choice. He was holding in his fiery team with all his strength, his body thrown back, his feet firmly set, and his hands gripping the reins.

The multitude clapped, roared, shouted encouragement to their party, hissed and whistled when they were disappointed, venting their utmost indignation on Marcus as he came past behind the others; but he either heard them not or would not hear. His betrothed's heart beat so wildly that she thought it would burst. Dada could not sit still; she started to her feet and then flung herself back on her cushions, shouting to Marcus. When he had passed, her head fell and she said sadly, turning to Demetrius, the brother of Marcus: "Poor fellow! We have bought our wreaths for nothing after all!"

But Demetrius shook his head.

"Nay, the boy has iron sinews in that slight body. Look how he holds the horses in! He is saving their strength till they need it. Seven times, child, seven times he has to go round this great circus and pass the *nyssa*. You will see, he will catch up what he has lost yet. Hippias, you see, is holding in his horses, too. Now he is close to the *nyssa*—the smaller the bend he can make round it the better for him, but it is risky work. There—you see! They drive round from right to left, and that throws most of the work on the left-hand beast; it has to turn almost in its own length. Aura, our first horse, is as supple as a panther; I trained her myself. Now, look there! That bronze figure of a rearing horse is

put there to frighten the horses, and Megæra, our third horse, is like a mad thing sometimes, though she can go like a stag. Every time Marcus gets her quietly past that, we are nearer to success. Look, look—the first chariot has got round the *nyssa!* It is Hippias! Yes, by Zeus, he has done it! He is a detestable braggart, but he knows his business."

This was one of the decisive moments of the race. The crowd was silent; expectation was at the utmost pitch of tension, and Dada's eyes were fixed, spell-bound, on the obelisk and on the whirling quadrigas.

Next to Hippias came a blue team, and close behind were three red ones. The Christian, who had succeeded in reaching the *nyssa* second, boldly took his horses close round the obelisk, hoping to gain space and get past Hippias; but the left wheel of his chariot grazed the granite plinth, the light car was overset, and the horses of the red chariot, whose noses were almost on his shoulder, fell over the Christian's team, which rolled on the ground; the red chariot turned over, and eight snorting beasts lay struggling in the sand.

The horses in the next chariot bolted as they were being driven past the mass of plunging confusion; they defied their driver's efforts and galloped across the course back into the *carceres.*

The *mêlée* had excited Marcus's steeds almost beyond control, and as they tore past, Megæra shied violently. She flung herself on one side, thrust her hind-quarters under the pole, and kicked desperately, lifting the chariot quite off the ground; the young charioteer lost his footing and slipped. Dada covered her face with her hands, and his mother turned pale. The youth was still standing; his feet were on the sand of the arena, but he had a firm grip on the chariot. Many a heart stood still, and shouts of triumph and mockery broke from the red party; but in less than half a minute he was on his feet in the chariot, had gathered up the reins and was rushing onward.

Meanwhile, Hippias had far outstripped all the rest, and as he flew past the *carceres* he checked his pace, snatched a cup from a lemonade-seller, tossed the contents down with a haughty audacity

amid the plaudits of the crowd, and dashed on. A wide gap lay between him and Marcus.

In the third round the chariot of the red driver in front of Marcus made too sharp a turn and ran up against the granite. The broken car was dragged on by the terrified beasts, and the charioteer with it, till, by the time they were stopped, he was a corpse. In the fifth circuit the Christian, who till now had been second to Hippias, shared the same fate, though not killed; and then Marcus drove past the starting-sheds next to Hippias.

The interest of the race now centered in him and the young Christian. Men and women alike had risen to their feet and were shouting and roaring to the competitors. Each time that Marcus had driven round the obelisk or past the bronze horse, Dada had clutched her head and set her teeth in her lip; each time, as he steered clear of the stone and whirled past the dreadful bronze statue, she had relaxed her grip and leaned back with a sigh of relief.

During the sixth circuit Hippias was a long way ahead of Marcus; the distance seemed to have become fixed, for, do what he could, he could not diminish it by a hand-breadth. The two *agitatores* had now completely altered their tactics; instead of holding their horses in they urged them onward, leaning over the front of their chariots, speaking to the beasts, shouting at them with hoarse cries, and flogging them unsparingly. Steamy sweat and lathering foam streaked the flanks of the desperate, laboring brutes, while clouds of dust were flung up.

The other chariots were left farther and farther behind Hippias and Marcus, and when, for the seventh and last time, these two were nearing the *nyssa*, the crowd for a moment held its breath, only to break out into louder and wilder cries, and then again to be hushed.

Dada spoke no more; pale and gasping, she sat with her eyes fixed on the tall obelisk and on the cloud of dust which, as the chariots neared the *nyssa*, seemed to grow denser. At about a hundred paces from the *nyssa* she saw the red cap of Hippias flash past, and close behind it the blue cap worn by Marcus. Then a deafen-

ing roar from thousands of throats went up, while, round the obelisk—so close to it that not a horse, not a wheel could have found room between the plinth and the driver—the blue cap came forward out of the dust-cloud, and, behind it now, no longer in front, came the red cap of Hippias. When within a few feet of the *nyssa*, Marcus had overtaken his antagonist, had passed the point with a bold and perilously close turn, and had left the heathen bays behind.

Demetrius saw it all, as though his eye had power to pierce the dust-cloud, and now he, too, lost his calm. He threw up his arms, and shouted: "Well done, splendid boy! Now for the goad—drive it in, send it home if they die for it! Give it them well!"

Dada, who could only guess what was happening, asked tremulously: "Has he passed him? Is he gaining on him? Will he win?" But Demetrius did not answer; he only pointed to the foremost of the flying clouds on which the second was fast advancing, and cried in frenzy:

"Death and Hades! The other is catching him up. The dog, the sneak! If only the boy would use his goad. Give it them, Marcus! Give it them, lad! Never give in now! There—there! no! Yes, he is still in front, and now, now, this must settle it! Thunder and lightning! They are close together again—may the dust choke him! No, it is all right; my Arabs are in front! All is well, keep it up, lad, well done, well done! We have won!" Marcus, the Christian, had won the race.

MATTIE'S RETORT.

"Ah, know you not," said Martha's beau,
Whom she that morning had sent packing,
"The doom that in the realm below,
Awaits lone ladies, husbands lacking?
Dismal for aye, the hapless maids
Lead apes through Pluto's gloomy shades!"
"I know," quoth Mat, with scornful air,
"Nor doth the doom awake my fear;
I'd rather, far, lead monkeys there,
Than let a monkey lead me here!"

AN OBSTINATE OLD MAN.

GEORGE HORTON.

AN old man lived all alone, all alone,
And a jolly old man was he;
He was ruddy and fat and sleek as a rat,
And his leg was a good thing to see.
His chest was round, his liver was sound,
And his voice had a chord of glee
As he sang to himself while he counted his pelf:
"Oh, ho! I'm a hearty and hale old man.
Ah, ha! Such a sturdy and well old man!"

Not a chick nor a child had he in the world,
Though his coffers were full of gold;
He had money in chest, in trousers, in vest,
From his pockets the big dollars rolled;
He owned miles of land and palaces grand,
And in bank had thousands untold.
So he sang all the while, with a confident smile:
"Oh, ho! I'm a likely and pert old man;
Ah, ha! Such a merry and brisk old man!"

His brothers waited and longed in vain,
And for years, I ween a score,
They would meet each day and pleasantly say,
"The old man is right at death's door."
Then the first one slept and he never wept,
But he laughed and sang the more,
And he gayly cried when the last one died:
"Oh, ho! I'm a healthy and long-lived man,
Ah, ha! Such a vigorous, sound old man!"

Each night his nephews and nieces dreamt
Of how rich they were going to grow,
And they loved to hint, "We will never stint
When our ship comes in, you know."
But I grieve to tell, he kept hale and well
While the years went dragging slow,
And he cackled loud o'er the last one's shroud:
"Oh, ho! I'm a hardy and stout old man,
Ah, ha! Such a lusty and tough old man!"

And he's living yet all alone by himself,
This man I am singing about.
Oh, his eye is bright and his step is light,
And his voice is cheery and stout;
His cheeks are red and he holds up his head
In a way that puts death to rout.
So I can't see why he should ever die:
Oh, dear! Such a healthy and well old man,
Ah, me! Such an obstinate, tough old man!

NOT WILLING.

SAYS bould Barney Milligan,
To Biddy McSnilligan,
"Ouch, faith! it's mesilf wud be loikin' a kiss."
Cries Biddy McSnilligan,
"Ye'd betther be still agin.
Oi'll not be endoorin' such tratement as this.

"Go way, Mr. Barney,
No more of your blarney,
Or instid uv a kiss ye'll be gittin' a kick.
Ould red-headed Barney,
Yer wastin' your blarney,
Fur—here comes the missis! Ach! Barney, be quick!

THE PARLOR LAMP.

MAURICE E. M'LOUGHLIN.

A FANCY parlor lamp am I with decorated shade;
I'm filled and trimmed each morning by a most bewitching maid.
She's plump and pretty as a peach, is Mabel, and she knows
Her values, and knows how to treat her string of anxious beaus.

Each night at eight she comes upstairs and lights me with great care;
And then sits down to rest upon a great, big rocking-chair.
I always know whom she expects will call, just by the way
In which the dear girl regulates the power of my ray.

On Monday and on Thursday nights she turns my wick up high,
And when her callers go she puts me out without a sigh.
On Tuesday night and Friday, too, with most unseemly haste,
Right in the centre of the room upon a stand I'm placed.

For on those nights the chaps who call are callow, sappy dudes,
Who spend the evening lisping their insipid platitudes.
But on the first night and the fourth of every single week
She turns me down so low that I'm "not in it," so to speak.

The youth who calls upon those nights enjoys a perfect snap;
He occupies the rocker, while she occupies his lap.
He's called upon her twice a week for seven months or more;
And every week she seems to like him better than before.

And last night, after he had gone, I noticed on her hand
A ring I'd never seen before, a diamond-studded band.
So, after this, I guess I'll not have very much to do
But blink from eight till twelve each night and watch them bill and coo.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF MISSION RIDGE.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

[*Incident in the life of* JOHN S. KOUNTZ, *Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.*]

DID you ever hear of the Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, who lay
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, in the charge of that terrible day?
They were firing above him and firing below, and the tempest of shot and shell
Was raging like death as he moaned in his pain, by the breast-works where he fell.

We had burnished our muskets and filled our canteens, as we waited for orders that morn—
Who knows when the soldier is dying of thirst where the wounded are wailing forlorn?—
When forth from the squad that was ordered back from the flash of that furious fire
Our Drummer Boy came, and his face was aflame with the light of a noble desire.

"Go back with your corps!" our colonel had said, but he waited the moment when
He might follow the ranks and shoulder a gun with the best of us bearded men;
And so when the signals from old Fort Wood set an army of veterans wild,
He flung down his drum which spun down the hill like the ball of a wayward child.

And so he fell in with the foremost ranks of brave old Company G,
As we charged by the flank, with our colors ahead, and our columns closed up like a V,
In the long swinging lines of that splendid advance, when the flags of our corps floated out
Like the ribbons that danced in the jubilant lines of the march of a gala day rout.

He charged with the ranks, though he carried no gun, for the colonel had said him nay,
And he breasted the blast of the bristling guns and the shock of the sickening fray;
And when by his side they were falling like hail, he sprang to a comrade slain,
And shouldered his musket and bore it as true as the hand that was dead to pain.

'Twas dearly we loved him, our Drummer Boy, with a fire in his bright black eye,
That flashed forth a spirit too great for his form—he was only just so high,
As tall perhaps as your little lad who scarcely reaches your shoulder,
Though his heart was the heart of a veteran then, a trifle, it may be, the bolder.

He pressed to the front, our lad so leal, and the works were almost won;
A moment more, and our flags had swung o'er the muzzle of murderous gun;
But a raking fire swept the van, and he fell 'mid the wounded and slain,
With his wee wan face turned up to Him who feeleth His children's pain.

Again and again our lines fell back, and again with shivering shocks
They flung themselves on the enemy's works as the fleets on the jagged rocks;
To be crushed and broken and scattered amain, as the wrecks of the surging storm,
Where none may rue and none may reck of aught that has human form.

So under the Ridge we were flying for the order to charge again,
And we counted our comrades missing and we counted our comrades slain;
And one said, "Johnnie, our Drummer Boy, is grievously shot, and lies
Just under the enemy's breastworks; if left on the field he dies."

Then all the blood that was in me surged up to my aching brow,
And my heart leaped up like a ball in my throat, I can feel it even now,
And I swore I would bring that boy from the field if God would spare my breath,
If all the guns on Mission Ridge should thunder the threat of death.

I crept and crept up the ghastly Ridge, by the wounded and the dead,
With the moans of my comrades right and left, behind me and yet ahead,
Till I came to the form of our Drummer Boy, in his blouse of dusty blue,
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, where the blast of the battle blew,

And his gaze as he met my own, God wot, would have melted a heart of stone,
As he tried like a wounded bird to rise, and placed his hand in

So wan and faint, with his ruby-red blood drank deep by the pitiless sward,
While his breast with its fleeting, fluttering breath throbbed painfully slow and hard.

And he said in a voice half-smothered, though its whispering thrills me yet:
"I think in a moment more that I would have stood on that parapet,
For my feet have trodden life's rugged ways, and I have been used to climb
Where some of the boys have slipped I know, but I never missed a time.

"But now I nevermore will climb; and, comrade, when you see
The men go up those breastworks there, just stoop and waken me;
For though I cannot make the charge and join the cheers that rise,
I may forget my pain to see the dear flag kiss the skies."

Well, it was hard to treat him so, his poor limb shattered sore,
But I raised him to my shoulder and to the surgeon bore,
And the boys who saw us coming each gave a shout of joy,
Though some in curses clothed their prayers for him, our Drummer Boy.

When sped the news that "Fighting Joe" had saved the Union right
With his legions fresh from Lookout, and that Thomas massed his might
And forced the rebel centre, and our cheering ran like wild,
And Sherman's heart was happy as the heart of a little child,—

When Grant from his lofty outlook saw our flags by the hundred fly
Along the slopes of Mission Ridge, where'er he cast his eye,
And our Drummer Boy heard the news and knew the mighty battle done,
The valiant contest ended, and the glorious victory won,—

Then he smiled in all his agony beneath the surgeon's steel,
And joyed that his the blood to flow his country's woes to heal;
And his bright, black eyes so yearning, grew strangely glad and wide;
I think that in that hour of joy he gladly would have died.

Ah, ne'er again our ranks were cheered by our little Drummer's drum,
When *rub, rub, rub-a-dub dub,* we knew that our hour had come;
Beat brisk at morn, beat sharp at eve, rolled long when it called to arms,
With *rub, rub, rub-a-dub dub,* 'mid the clamor of rude alarms!

Ah, ne'er again our black-eyed boy looked up in the veteran's face,
To waken thoughts of his children safe in mother-love's embrace!
O ne'er again with tripping feet he ran with the other boys,—
His budding hopes were cast away as they were idle toys.

But ever in our hearts he dwells, with a grace that never is old,
For him the heart to duty wed can nevermore grow cold!
And I say that the land that bears such sons is crowned and dowered with all
The dear God giveth nations to stay them lest they fall.

O glory of Mission Ridge! stream on like the roseate light of morn,
On the sons that now are living, on the sons that are yet unborn!
And cheers for our comrades living, and tears, as they pass away—
And three times three for the Drummer Boy who fought at the front that day!

THE OLD CRADLE.

E. M. GRIFFITH.

I'M banished to the garret now, my busy days are o'er;
Within my sheltering embrace the babies sleep no more.
No more, as in the by-gone hours, my drowsy beat keeps time
In patient, sleepy monotone with the old nursery rhyme:
[*Sing.*] "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The last rays of the setting sun slant through the windows small,
They light the garret's dusky gloom, and on my head they fall.
Along their level bars of gold old pictures come and go;
Again I hear the mother's voice singing so soft and low:
[*Sing.*] "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

Ah, me! where once the baby heads the downy pillows pressed,
Within my ample oaken hood the spider has her nest.
Empty, forgotten, and alone, a useless thing am I;
The last words of the quaint old song fall like a parting sigh:
[*Sing.*] "When the bough breaks the cradle will fall;
Down will go baby, and cradle, and all."

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON PHYSIOLOGY.

"MAN is divided into several parts, chief among which are the head, the chest and the stomach. The head contains the brains, the chest contains the lungs, and the stomach contains the bowels, of which there are five, *a, e, i, o, u* and sometimes *w* and *y*."

TEDDY O'ROURKE.

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

TEDDY O'ROURKE'S my chum, you see,
An' how it happened was, him an' me
Was down at the dock with the rest that day,
A-lookin' fur somethin' to come our way,
Fur shines, I tell ye, was precious few,
An' we thought we could pick up a dime or two,
Along with some of the other chaps,
Luggin' a feller's valise, perhaps.

It was time the boat was a-gittin' in,
An' of all the crowd on the dock who'd been
Waitin' fur friends, none took our eye
Like two who was standin' just close by—
A lady, if ever was one, I guess,
You could tell as much by her way an' dress,
With a little girl who had 'bout the looks
Of them kids you see in the picture-books,
With her big blue eyes an' her hair like gold;
I s'pose she was four or five years old.
An' blest if she doesn't tell Ted and me
How her pa's on board an' how glad she'll be
When he is home with 'em both again;
An' Teddy he sees the boat just then.

Well, the boat swings into the slip at last,
An' while they're busy a-makin' fast,
With the passengers ready a'most to land,
The little girl loses her mother's hand,
When everyone's crowdin' an' pushin' hard,
An' blamed if she doesn't fall overboard!
I can't ezzactly tell how she does,
'Cause 'fore I knows it, why, there it was.
An' then there follers a great, big splash
As Teddy goes after her in a flash!

Talk about swimmin', now, Ted kin swim!
Not one of the fellers I knows tops *him.*
Stay under the longest you ever see;
Dive about twict as high as me;
Go out so fur you'd be skairt clean through;
Why, they ain't a thing 'at he dassent do!
More like a duck, I guess you'd say
If you ever saw him in, some day—
An', though the tide is a-runnin' strong,
He strikes right out, an' it ain't so long
'Fore he's clingin' with her to the slippery spiles,
An' she's safe—an' he just looks up an' smiles!

Then they get the little girl up all right,
An' there's nothin' the matter with her 'cept fright,
While Teddy unhelped climbs up the beams
With the water a-runnin' from him in streams;
An', while he's shiverin', kind o', there,
The little girl's ma don't seemed to care
At all fur the people a-standin' by,
But gives him a kiss an' begins to cry;
An' the little girl's pa ain't noways slow
In grabbin' his hand—an' he won't let go;
While everybody upon the pier
Just whoops her up in a bustin' cheer,
An' one of 'em yells out, after that,
"Come, chip in, all of you! Here's the hat!"

An' didn't they? Well, now, they just *did!*
Teddy was allers a lucky kid!
An', while around with the hat they goes,
Every one reaches down in his clo'es,
An' you'd laugh to see how the ol' plug fills
With dimes an' quarters an' halfs an' bills,
Till at last it's a-holdin' so much tin
Looks 's if the crown would just bust right in;

An' they takes the money 'at they have riz,
An' they goes to Teddy an' says it's his.
"What?" says Teddy: "This ain't all mine!"
An' you oughter have seed his black eyes shine,
An' I feels so good 'at I gives him a shove,
Fur I knows just what he's a-thinkin' of—
It's about his mother, who's purty old,
An' that sister of his'n the doctor's told
If she only could go fur a good long spell
Out in the country she might git well.
An' everyone laughs 'cause he stares so hard,
While the little girl's pa takes out a card
That says where Teddy's to call next day,
An' they goes in a hack of their own away.

That's about all, 'cept Teddy O'Rourke
Has got a chance, and has gone to work
In the little girl's pa's big dry-goods store;
An' he ain't a-shinin' 'em up no more.
An' now he's a-goin' to free-school, nights,
An' he's learn' so 'at he reads an' writes,
While I tells him to keep on peggin' away,
An' he'll be a big duck hisself, some day.
—An' me? Oh, Teddy'll look out fur me—
Teddy O'Rourke's my *chum*, you see!

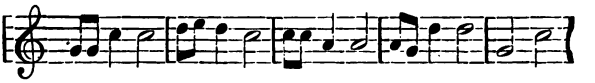
IN NOVEMBER.

"I PRITHEE," quoth the gentle youth unto the winsome maiden,
"Myself make happy now, forsooth; my heart with joy leave laden.
Wilt wed, and when?" I ask it soft, "thou hast but one replying,
Thy simple 'no' repeated oft is most unsatisfying.
Ah! 'No' again? Too much 'tis said; more syllables remember."
"No—no"—she blushed and hung her head, then finished it; "No—vember."

FATHER'S WAY.

EUGENE FIELD.

MY father was no pessimist; he loved the things of earth;
Its cheerfulness and sunshine, its music and its mirth;
He never sighed or moped around whenever things went wrong;
I warrant me he'd mock at fate with some defiant song.
But, being he warn't much on tune, whenever times were blue,
He'd whistle softly to himself this only tune he knew:



Now, mother when she learned that tune which father whistled so,
Would say: "There's something wrong to-day with Ephraim, I know;
He never tries to make believe he's happy that 'ere way
But that I'm certain as can be some trouble is to pay!"
And so, betimes, quite natural like, to us observant youth
There seemed suggestion in that tune of deep pathetic truth.

When Brother William joined the war a lot of us went down
To see the gallant soldier boys right gayly out of town;
A-comin' home, poor mother cried as if her heart would break,
And all us children too, for *her*, and not for William's sake!
But father, trudging on ahead, his hands behind him—so,
Kept whistlin' to himself, so sort of solemn like and low.

And when my eldest sister Sue was married and went west,
Seemed like it took the tuck right out of mother and the rest;
She was the sunlight in our home; why, father used to say
It wouldn't seem like home at all if Sue should go away!
Yet, when she went, a-leavin' us all sorrow and all tears,
Poor father whistled lonesome like, and went to feed the steers,

When crops were bad, and other ills befell our homely lot,
He'd set around and try to act as if he minded not;
And when came death and bore away the one he worshipped so,
How vainly did his lips belie the heart benumbed with woe!
You see the tell-tale whistle told a mood he'd not admit;
He'd always quit his whistlin' when he thought we noticed it!

I'd like to see that stooping form and hoary head again;
To see the honest, hearty smile that cheered his fellow-men;
Oh, could I kiss the kindly lips that spake no creature wrong,
And share the rapture of that heart that overflowed with song;
Oh, could I hear the little tune he whistled long ago,
When he did battle with the griefs he would not have us know!

MISTAKES WILL OCCUR.

THE sun shone bright from a clear, blue sky. Everybody hurried busily by. The street cars glided along. I was just in time to swing on. Once on the platform, without thinking, I gave the conductor my fare, went forward and was soon wrapped in thought. In a few minutes the conductor came.

"Fare, please," he said in an authoritative tone.

"I paid you," said I, feeling hesitatingly in my pocket at the same time.

"I know you did," was the conductor's sarcastic reply.

Not being quite sure I paid him again. In a few minutes he came back and returned it to me. He saw by the register that he had taken it before.

"I got your fare twice," he said, apologetically.

"I thought you did. But it's all right," said I.

He stood by me, telling me how such mistakes will sometimes occur.

"Yes, that is so. No matter. It's all right," said I.

A stranger came forward from the back of the car and dropped into a seat next to me. His face wore a sure-to-carry-conviction, want-to-right-a-wrong kind of an air.

"Such mistakes will sometimes happen," he said.

"That's all right. No harm done," said I.

"You see, I didn't notice where you got on," the conductor then said. "After I collected from you, I began to think possibly I had got it before. The other day a lady got on the car and handed me her fare; it was in the afternoon, I don't remember just what day; now let me see——"

"That's all right," said I, "mistakes are bound to occur."

"Even the best business houses sometimes make mistakes," said a stout man, turning around from the seat in front. "Now, I know a case——"

"This really didn't make any difference," interrupted I. "I couldn't remember at first whether or not I had paid my fare. I didn't want to quarrel about it, so I paid him again."

"Yes," said the stout stranger, "mistakes are bound to occur."

"What is the matter?" said a sympathetic gentleman behind me; "I saw you pay your fare."

"Oh, nothing at all," said I; "I paid him my fare."

"It's a natural mistake," said the sympathetic gentleman; "they are bound to occur."

"Yes, it's all right," said I; "they are bound to occur."

Then a slim, gaunt-looking man, seated at my left side, turned toward me with an earnest, clear-it-all-away, hear-me-talk, student-like air:

"I guess the conductor did not mean anything. Mistakes will sometimes occur. Last week, for instance, I——"

"That's all right, gentlemen," I said with a sigh. "I must get off here. Good day. Mistakes are bound to occur."

I walked up and boarded another car.

ENCORE.

"LADIES and Gentlemen, I regret that I cannot respond to your applause, but you will readily see the reason when I tell you that (*in stentorian voice*) although my right lung is all right, (*in hoarse whisper*) my left lung is all gone!"

TELLING FORTUNES.

GEORGE H. JESSOP.

"LET this gypsy tell our fortune,"
Thus did Amabel importune;
"I have often wondered can a
Gypsy tell me what I am."
And, as still I paused and wavered,
Raven-tressed and not ill-favored,
To our side approached Gitana
With a dusky, outstretched palm;

And her great, dark eyes uplifted
Through the tresses that had drifted
Zephyr-blown across her forehead,
Burned like sibyl's eyes of old,
Burned so weirdly, Amy, frightened,
On my arm her light grasp tightened,
Saying, "Oh, that gypsy's horrid!
I don't want my fortune told."

"Stay, my maiden," urged Gitana;
And her voice, as sweet as manna,
Soft and soothing in its accent,
Reassured my Amy's fears;
Clear, as though some bird had lost it,
Rich as bride-cake, sugar-frosted;
Foreign music, Anglo-Saxoned
By a residence of years.

"Stay, my maiden! If you'd suit your
Present actions to your future,
You may win and wear a lover
Singled out of all the land.
Will you listen?" Amy bridled,
Blushed, and half behind me sidled,
Then a triumph of the glover
Drew from her reluctant hand.

Though I knew not what the fee was,
I, as I could plainly see, was
Looked to by them as the legal
Debtor for the usual "cross."
So, with some half-smothered sighing,
And some fruitless pocket trying,
I drew forth a quarter eagle,
Stood, and pocketed the loss.

"You will wed," began the seeress,
"A proud earl, and be a peeress,
And will dwell beyond the waters
In his old ancestral hall—"
"Pleasant so far," whispered Amy;
I assented, as became me—
"Will have many sons and daughters,
And have pleasure in them all.

"Yet life's line is not quite flawless:
Your proud lord's love will be lawless—
For he never has repressed it—
Till his death shall leave you free."
"And when he is dead?" she queried;
"Then of life you will be wearied."
"Nay," I playfully suggested,
"Then you can come back to me."

Then those gypsy optics mournful
Flashed on me a glance so scornful,
I felt chidden for some meanness.
She took up her tale again:
"And your wedding, as I read it,
Will be ere the fall has seeded
Yon wheat, waving in its greenness,
Ere this spring-time melts in rain."

Then my Amy's eyes brimmed over
With the mirth she could not cover,
And she said, "Ah, poor Gitana,
All you tell me's very nice.
But your earl's too slow a comer;
I told some one 'yes' last summer.
Now the point arises, 'Can a
Girl so soon get married twice?'"

MRS. GREYLOCK TELLS ABOUT THE PLAY.

"WAS the play good, my dear?" asked Mr. Greylock the other night, after his wife had come home from the theatre, where she had been with some friends.

"Good!" cried little Mrs. Greylock, enthusiastically, "it was just grand, Mortimer! It was a lovely play, and the dresses! In the first act she wore one of the most bewilderingly beautiful things I ever saw in all my mortal life—a pale apple-green skirt, brocaded in the sweetest shade of pink, with a perfectly magnificent train of——"

"Was her acting good?"

"——heavy silver brocade without a particle of trimming on it. But the waist was trimmed all over with something I couldn't make out, although I strained trying to all the time she was on the stage. It was an evening dress, and when she first came on she had on——"

"But was she any good as an actress?"

"My dear, please don't interrupt—an opera cloak of soft pink plush, lined with apple-green satin, with the loveliest fringe, with seed pearls shining in it, and——"

"But tell me about her acting."

"Then in the second act she wore the most magnificent bridal costume I ever laid my eyes on—a heavy, shining ivory satin, with the most immense court train and yards and yards of the loveliest Brussels lace. The whole front of the dress was one mass of tiny flounces of real lace, and down the sides there were cascades of the lace and pearl passementerie, while at the back——"

"But the play, my dear, I——"

"And the sleeves of the dress were of the lace, and they hung clear to the ground, away from the arm, you know. I never saw anything like it before; I can't begin to describe it to you, but it was perfectly——"

"You need not describe any more of it, my dear; I'd rather hear about——"

"Then in the next act she came on in the most exquisite thing—a lovely shade of rose-pink silk, made with a sweeping train over a petticoat of Turkish embroidery. Oh! that embroidery was too sweet! She wore with the dress a——"

"Come, come, my dear, have done with her gowns, and——"

"Yes, yes, I am done with the gowns; but I was going to tell you about her jewels. With the pink dress she wore a perfectly gorgeous diamond necklace, and in her ears she had——"

"I don't care a continental what she had in her ears—don't care much whether she had any ears at all or not. Can she act? That's what I'd like to know."

"Act? Of course she can act. I never saw a woman more perfectly self-possessed than she was. She never sat down or rose awkwardly a single time, and I never saw anyone manage a train more gracefully than she, and in the fourth act her train was so immense! It was one of the heaviest Lyons velvet, with a front of netted silk; she wore with it the heaviest girdle of jet I ever saw. Her arms were bare. She'd beautiful arms, too, and——"

"At least, tell me what the play was."

"——diamonds on her wrists and on a velvet around her throat, and—oh, the play, did you ask?"

"Yes, what was the play?"

"Why, it was—it was—now, let me see—what was the play? Strange, I remember seeing it on the—run down stairs and get my muff, dear, and you'll find a program in it. I really don't remember just what the name of the play was."

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

MARY L. GADDESS.

[The scene requires a throne elegantly set, a Reader, the King surrounded by twelve or fourteen ladies and gentlemen in court costume, awaiting the return of the messengers sent out the year before to search for happiness.

Other characters are: Wealth, a Lady, a Warrior. Genius, Fame, Power, Music, Beauty, eight ladies and gentlemen for quadrille in Pleasure, two for Young Love, two for Old Love.

Properties: Books, music, flowers.]

PROLOGUE.

[*Reader recites:*]

THE king was weary of his part,
The king was tired and sick at heart;
He looked across the rainy land,
Across the barren stretch of sand,
Out to the breadth of the great deep sea,
And listened to that glad melody.

The land was fair and harvests abundant in every part,
But the people around about him seemed weary and sad at heart.

"Oh, for one golden hour," he cried, "when I might see
All those about me happy and bright and gay and free.

"God has prospered me more than all
The nations about me. At my call
All over the land a song of praise
At my word a million of voices raise.
But alas, alas! I can never know
Whether their hearts with praise o'erflow.

"I see rich men who would fain be great;
I see the poor men stand at my gate;
I hear the cry of the world, and say
I'd give the half of my realm away,
If I might find some peaceful spot
Where all are happy and none are not.

"I'll send out messengers, fleet and true,
I'll tell them what I would have them do;
And I will call at the ending year,
A council of all to meet them here.
Go search for happiness far and wide,
And bring it with you to here abide."

So over the world with lightning speed,
These men went forth a year ago;
They now return and the king to-night
Will here receive them in your sight.
If they have found that prize so sweet,
True happiness, secure, complete,
Each shall present the gift he brings
After his search for happy things.

[*Curtain rises on scene of a throne elegantly arranged. King in royal robes is surrounded by courtiers and elegantly dressed ladies. The first that enters is a youth who carries a casket, and when he reaches front of throne, he opens it and displays rich strings of jewelry, and says:*]

I bring rich treasures, silver, gold,
For happiness is wealth untold.
I've found the caverns dark and deep
In which unnumbered rubies sleep;
The diamond casts its pale pure light,
And glistens like the stars of night.
I've caught the pearls from ocean's bed,
And Ceylon's isles have sapphires shed.
If all these treasures cannot buy
True happiness, then tell me why?

[*A woman in black robes advances and lifts her hands appealingly and says:*]

> I've everything that wealth can buy,
> And yet for happiness I sigh:
> For these rich gems can never give
> Me back the ones for whom I grieve.
> Oh, gracious king, I humbly pray
> Find us a better gift to-day.

[*The youth takes up his casket from the feet of the king, and slowly retires with bowed head. Then a soldier advances and repeats, as he salutes with his sword and lays it at the foot of the throne:*]

> Through the war-field's bloody haze
> Behold a youthful warrior stand
> Alone beside his native river,
> The red blade broken in his hand
> And the last arrow in his quiver.
> "Live!" said the conq'rer, "live to share
> The trophies and the crown I bear."
> Silent that youthful warrior stood,
> Silent he pointed to the flood
> All crimson with his country's blood,
> Then sent the last remaining dart
> For answer to the invader's heart.
> False flew the shaft, though pointed well,
> The tyrant lived, the hero fell.

> Though foul the drops that oft distill
> On the field of warfare, blood like this
> For liberty shed so holy is
> It would not stain the purest rill
> That sparkles 'mid the bowers of bliss.
> To die for such a cause as this,
> Our king, were purest happiness.

[*Reply of king:*]

Grand, indeed, is the gift you bring,
Sweet the remembrance of the brave
Who die thus for their native land.
But holier, better far than this,
Must be the boon to bring us bliss
And joy and peace and happiness;
While we chant pæans to the brave,
They only find at last a grave,
And sweetly may they sleep.
Yet living men still wish to know
Where happiness is found below.

[*Genius, Power and Fame advance together; the first is young, and crowned with laurel; the second is older and carries a crown that he lays at the king's feet after holding it aloft. Power and Fame offer books, and all stand while Genius says:*]

We've watched the stars fade one by one,
We've still worked on when rose the sun,
Till eyes grew dim and hair was gray,
And thus the years have passed away.
We've dealt with books, we've trusted men,
And in our heart's blood drenched the pen
As if such colors could not die;
And these we bring for they will vie
With all the best things 'neath the sun,
An offering of work well done.
For fame and power are gifts so dear,
That genius is alone their peer.
We lay our treasures at your feet,
Most gracious king, life's work complete.

[*Reply of king:*]

Fame is but a meteor light,
And dazzles to lead astray;
Like a beacon lamp it darkens the night
When treading life's lonely way.

The sea of knowledge is tempest-tossed,
Its power dies as the foam;
When life is over then fame is lost,
And where has happiness gone?

[*Music enters, a lady or ladies and a gentleman; they sing something beautiful, then step back beside throne, and Beauty enters and offers a mirror and steps back beside others. Then a crowd of ladies and gentlemen enter langhing, form a quadrille, and dance to gay music for Pleasure. At the close all advance to front of throne and say to king, or the Reader can advance and speak for all:*]

Music, oh, how faint and weak
Language seems before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak
When music breathes her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may fail,
Love's are e'en more false than they,
And 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

[*Beauty says:*]

The might of a fair face makes life sublime,
And beauty owns no land or clime;
It charms all hearts where'er 'tis found,
And makes a cot enchanted ground.

It is a gift so rich and rare
That nothing can with it compare;
Nor does it lie in face alone,
For hearts have beauty of their own.
Yet when they in one form combine
No happiness so pure as thine.

[*Pleasure says:*]

Let's dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
And daylight still shall find us
Where pleasure's tide
Doth swiftly glide,
And leave dull care behind us.
Then what care we
If gay we be,
And hearts are light and joyous?
If sorrow's night
Be out of sight,
We'll sing in merry chorus.
True happiness
And perfect bliss
Is ours; while mirth and laughter
Shall wreath each face
Within the place,
No matter what comes after.

[*Love then enters, a youth and a maiden.*]

What love is if thou wilt be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone;
"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."
And whence comes love? Like morning light
It comes without thy call.
And when dies love? Immortal love!
It never dies at all!

[*Then an old man and woman enter, he gray and leaning on cane, she with cap and glasses. Reader recites as they enter:*]

There is bliss beyond all that the poets have told
When two that are joined in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing, and brows never cold,
Live on through all ills and live on till they die.

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
For oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay,
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers;
Things that are born to fade and pass away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not, love not; the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat and not be true.
Love not, love not; the thing you love may die,
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave as once upon its birth.
Love not, love not.

[*As these all stand, the first lady in black, who refused wealth, enters with a Bible clasped in her hands, and walking through the crowd stands before the king and says:*]

The highest honors that the world can boast—
Riches and beauty, friendship, love—at most
Are but the creatures of a few short years,
And pass away in sorrow and in tears.

Without God's blessing wealth is full of cares,
Wisdom but folly, pleasure full of snares;
But holding this blest Book within your hand,
Content and happiness shall bless the land.

It heals the wounds of Death's relentless hand,
For Faith points upward to a better land,
Where God shall heal all wounds, and perfect bliss
Alone is found, and that is happiness.

[*King rises and trumpet sounds. All who have taken part in the search and a crowd of gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen enter, and the king takes the Bible from the woman and addresses all standing:*]

Good people all, both far and near,
Approach and words of wisdom hear;
For this, the last, best gift, shall teach
How happiness we all may reach.
Life still shall bring, while we tarry here,
Days of sorrow and hours of cheer,
Nights of weariness, troubled dreams,
Pain and poverty, till it seems
"All is vanity 'neath the sun,"
Glad would we be were it all done.
Then from these pages we shall discover
This is but one life; there [*pointing up*] is the other.
Faithfully, earnestly, day after day,
With this book, our staff, our comfort and stay,
People and kingdom and king shall be blest,
Happiness dwell with us ever, a guest.
Your search now is over, your gifts all have worth,
Wealth, liberty, genius, fame, power and mirth,
Love, beauty, sweet music, use each and yet try
To train them below for a home up on high.

[*King resumes seat and curtain falls, or all can join in anthem, "Praise Ye the Lord."*]

A DIFFERENCE.

She sat beside me in the train, pain flitted o'er her face,
Her look was with anxiety filled, and joy was out of place.
"I have, myself, some trouble known," I said to her at length;
"Let me bring comfort to your heart, and courage to your strength."
She gently raised her head and smiled; "Kind sir, with thanks to you,
The trouble isn't with my heart—my shoes, alas, are new."

MRS. BRINDLE'S MUSIC LESSON.

"THERE is nothing that adds so much to the enjoyment of home, and makes a man feel so at peace with the world and himself as the strains of soft and soul-inspiring music. Therefore, Mrs. Brindle, I have purchased a guitar for you, and intend to teach you how to accompany me."

"Oh, you dear man, how charming!" said Mrs. Brindle. "I hope you bought a plush-covered stool embroidered with cat-tails to put under it. What shall I play on it, dear?" she asked, as she picked up the guitar, laid it across her lap, and began to strum on it with all ten fingers as if it were a piano.

"Play cards on it, Mrs. Brindle, play checkers, anything you can," sniffed Mr. B. "Can't you tell a guitar from a hand-organ?" He reached for his violin and opened a music-book at the scale of C natural. "Look here, now. Can you read notes?"

"Oh, yes, dear; I read four or five that dropped out of your pocket on the floor last night. One of them was signed——"

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, madam, I'll just thank you to read no more of my private papers. Now, here, tell me if you know what this means," pointing to 6-8, a musical character.

"Um—er—let me see"—and up went her finger to her mouth —"six and eight are fourteen—six into—no—eight into six won't go—er——"

"That's it, Mrs. Brindle; you've solved the sphinx's riddle! You've hit the combination. If I had your sense and arithmetical calculation I'd get a box and mask as the fifteen puzzle. No, Mrs. Brindle, that six and that eight don't mean an arithmetical puzzle, nor a problem in applied mechanics for some one to sweat over. It means that there are six notes to a measure, and each note is one-eighth long."

"One-eighth of what, dear?"

"One-eighth of a mile, of a nautical league, of course; any length you want it," howled Mr. B. "Now, when I count six, you must make one note each time I count. Now, listen and pay attention; one, two, three, four, five, six," and he counted along, keeping time on Mrs. B.'s back. And Mrs. Brindle, in sympathetic motion, bobbed her head up and down, looking at him all the time as if she thought him crazy.

"What in the name of glory are you bobbing your head up and down in that way for? Can't you count? Count, I tell you!"

"One, two, three, four, five, six," sang Mr. B. And Mrs. Brindle chimed in, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve."

"By the blood of Boswell, what are you doing? Count on, Mrs. Brindle; don't stop, or you'll break the charmed circle. Count a million! If I could count as well as you I'd hire out as a lightning calculator."

"Well, I don't care! You told me to count," replied Mrs. Brindle.

"I told you to count but six."

Mrs. Brindle chirped her way this time pretty successfully through two measures.

"There, that's all right. Now, Mrs. Brindle, we will try the chord C," and he smiled benignly. "C is a natural key and has no sharps or flats in its harmonious blending."

Mrs. B. took up the guitar and tucked it under her chin, as she had seen Mr. B. do the violin.

"Now, dear, give me the stick and I am ready to play," she said.

"Give you what?" asked Mr. Brindle. "What do you want a stick for? Take the thing from under your chin; do you take it for a napkin? Take it away, I tell you!"

And Mr. Brindle grabbed the guitar and rushed from the room, saying:

"If I knew as much about the guitar as you do I'd paint the notes on myself and parade as the Spanish Fandango."

THE BIRDS' DEPARTURE.

[Bird-trilling may be introduced at the end with good effect.]

ROBERT OF LINCOLN is going away;
He's packing his trunk this very day.

He says he knows of a sunny land
Where skies are bluer, the airs more bland.

He has heard that here wild north winds blow,
Bringing cold weather with blinding snow.

So he's packing his trunk and going to leave,
And naught will stay him, howe'er we grieve.

His trunk is the cup of an acorn round;
And all snugly packed in it may be found

The things a musician uses to please—
There are quavers and shakes and trills, and these

All folded and laid where he knows how to find;
He always brings out just what's to his mind.

Good-bye, dear Robert, good-bye, old fellow,
We shall miss your flitting, the glimpse of yellow

Glancing about from bush to tree;
But most we shall miss your minstrelsy.

Come back again with the laughing Spring,
And gladly we'll listen as gayly you sing.

DECORATION DAY.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE quiet graves of our country's braves,
Through thirty Junes and Decembers,
Have solemnly lain under sun and rain—
And yet our nation remembers.

The marching of feet and the flags on the street
Told once again this morning,
In the voice of the drum, how the day had come
For these lowly beds adorning.

Then swiftly back on Time's worn track
His three decades seem driven,
And with startled eyes I saw arise
From graves, by fancy riven,

The gray and the blue in a grand review.
Oh, vast were the hosts they numbered,
As they wheeled and swayed in a dress parade,
O'er graves where they long had slumbered.

The colors were not as when they fought
Ranked one against the other,
But a mingled hue of gray and blue,
As brother marching with brother.

And a blue flower lay on each coat of gray,
Like forget-me-nots on a boulder;
And the gray moss-lace, in its southern grace,
Was knotted on each blue shoulder.

The vision fled; but I think the dead,
If they could come back with the living,
Would clasp warm hands o'er hostile lands,
Forgetting old wrongs, and forgiving.

'Mong blossoms of spring, that you gather and bring
For graves that, though lowly, are royal,
Let the blue flower prevail, though modest and pale,
Since it speaks of the blue that is loyal.

But tie each bouquet with a ribbon of gray,
And lay it on memory's altar,
For the dead who fought for the cause they thought
Was right, and who did not falter.

BRAVE LOVE.

[James Whitcomb Riley was recently asked to name his favorite poem, and responded by giving the following bit of verse, written many years ago, and the author of which is unknown.]

HE'D nothing but his violin, I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue and summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge the robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win when early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries, or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes, we could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin and I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us, old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—it long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear, for houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere and love and beauty pine,
Will never know the joy of hearts that met without a fear,
When you had but your violin and I a song, my dear.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

TOM TAYLOR.

[This poem was written as a rebuke to London *Punch*, which had printed many cartoons and in other ways made fun of Lincoln.]

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please?

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way was plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights:

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long, suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
  Sad life cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
  By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
  But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
  Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
  With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

ONLY ONCE.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim.
It came at last, and from the car there stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came.
"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again and frightened cried: "Oh, what a bad mistake!"
I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair, that I am not your Jack,
And as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back."
And since that night I have often stood on the platform lighted dim,
But only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

THE CONCERT IN THE WOOD.

[This selection affords opportunity for introducing a variety of bird-notes.]

A CONCERT once by Mr. Spring was given in the wood;
He begged both old and young to come, and all to sing who could.
Miss Lark, the music to begin, her favorite ballad sang—
A well-known air, and liked by all, so clear her sweet voice rang.

And next a gentleman appeared, come lately from abroad;
His song was short, but much admired, and so it was encored.
He said that Cuckoo was his name; his style was quite his own;
He sang most kindly while he stayed, but all too soon was gone.

The Finches then were ask to sing; would they get up a glee,
With Mr. Linnet and his wife, who sing so prettily?
And in the chorus many more no doubt would take a part;
Young Blackcap has a splendid voice, and sings with all his heart.

Now came the much-expected guest, young Lady Nightingale,
So late that everybody feared she really meant to fail.
At first she said she could not sing, she was afraid to try;
But then she sang, and all the air was filled with melody,

The guests were charmed, and begged for more; she said she could not stay,
But still she sang one other song, and then she went away.
Then Mr. Blackbird a duet began with Mrs. Thrush;
They sang so well that all were glad to gather round the bush.

And so they sang, and still sing on; and all who music love
Should lose no time, but go and hear the concert in the grove.
There is no entrance fee to pay; all guests are welcome there
Who come with simple, thankful hearts, in joys like these to share.

THE FLY.

MONOLOGUE FOR A MAN.

A FAILURE! My marriage is a failure! All my troubles should have ended to-day at noon; happiness was within my grasp. At noon to-day I was to take a wife; and my unlucky star made me overthrow the whole structure of my future happiness at a single blow. In vain my best man assured me, as we left the church, that I had better treat the thing as a joke; but I see nothing funny about it.

I had paid devoted attention for six months, and for six months I exerted myself to the utmost to show my best side only. I disguised my true tastes, my character; in short, I pleased. I had gained an earthly paradise; domestic happiness; a wife perfect in every particular: graceful, agreeably plump, a rare woman, simple as a child. I loved her. She had a large fortune; it was a regular love match. Well, in a single instant, after six months' courtship, my castle fell about my ears, and the author of my ruin was—a fly! But zounds! if ever another fly ventures within my reach, let him beware!

This morning, in gala dress, I reached the church; a fly was there before me! This fly observed me, and at once flew down my neck. Not heeding this attack, not regarding it as a sign of hostile intentions, I amicably strove to facilitate its departure. I shrugged my shoulders. The fly took advantage of this movement to plant itself upon my nose. At first, I restrained myself, convinced that at least it would turn its attention to my best man. Not at all! I was the hero of the occasion; the creature was bent on driving me distracted. Twenty times it returned to the charge. Nothing could rid me of its despotic yoke. It seemed about to withdraw—a mere ruse! It returned with a rush, and during a profound silence, as the minister pronounced the usual words, it slowly walked around my face. This was too much! I was blinded with fury; I was actually dizzy. I determined to be revenged at any cost, and lifting my hand to strike the fly—I struck my future wife! My father-in-law darted at me, beside himself with rage.

"A fly," said I, "a fly."

"A fly, indeed!" the furious dotard cried in frenzied tones. "You'd beat my daughter, sir!"

He took the matter seriously; any one but a father-in-law would have laughed at it. In five minutes more I should have been her husband. If I meant to beat her, surely I could have waited five minutes more! He refused to hear my explanations. He seized me by the arm, whirled me around and I found myself outside of the church. A failure!

But the thing that makes me maddest is that so slight a cause should produce so vast an effect; that a fly should become the arbiter of my fate! And we wage war against panthers, tigers, lions, but never fight with flies! They are our true enemies! Why should we go so far in search of foes when we may find them at home? Tigers and lions, whom we pursue, live in the desert, and keep to their place. Flies invade our homes; they are in our rooms by day, by night, in bed, at table; always and everywhere they make their way, are always perfectly at ease and at home.

Eh! what! did I hear a buzz? Merciful heavens! It is my fly, the very same! Ah! how bitterly you shall rue the day if ever I hold you captive betwixt my thumb and finger! Come down, I say! Come down! I'll teach you that you are but a frail insect, you miserable fly, and that my nose is not a public highway! The creature draws near; it lights—yes, by Jove! I've got it now. I have you, fly, within my grasp. You'll not escape, struggle as you may. You need not cross your feet before your little eyes; in vain you flutter, vainly buzz. Nothing can move me. In horrid torment you must render up your life, while I look on unmoved. Nor shall you die a glorious death. The most hideous, most grotesque, most common death awaits you. You shall not die by fire or by steel; you shall expire between my cruel finger-ends. And may your martyrdom serve as a lesson to all future flies, and discourage that vagrant race from roaming from nose to nose to persecute mankind.

Through you, I'm left alone, desperate, undone! I do not mean to say that my loss will kill me; but, after all, there is no sadder

thing on earth than to wander home a bachelor and alone, when you started out to be a married man. I had plucked up courage, had made up my mind; I was ready! My bride possessed all those qualities which are desirable for a man of my age. To be sure, she was not one of those beauties at whom everyone turns to look; far from it! But I was growing accustomed to her somewhat severe expression of countenance; for it was very severe. She was a little too short; but her plumpness was not disagreeable to me. I regarded it as a guarantee of her steady behavior. Perhaps I was wrong. But how good-natured she was, how amiable! Doubtless she may have disguised her true character. I disguised mine, and on closer acquaintance she might have proved—it might have turned out well, or it might have been ill!

And suppose fate had been against me? It might have been. The daughter very likely has the same angry temper as her father, and her father is a brutal, violent fellow, to say the least; he came near striking me—striking me before witnesses! If my bride had even been a beauty! But no! When I consider, when I recall her majestic form, her affected air of grandeur, her savage beauty—she is anything but beautiful! She is really ugly, fat and ill-shaped. She is sure to grow coarse; she'll be a monster yet, that's clear! A hideous wife! A brutal father-in-law! So after all my fine match was not worth much. Had it not been for you, little fly, I should have fallen into that frightful trap, and I should be married; should, like a rash fool, have tied the rope around my own neck! Farewell all pleasures then! Farewell to joy! The Capitol at Rome was saved by geese; by you I'm saved; I never will forget you. Come when you will, henceforth; disturb my sleep, my meals, my work; buzz in my ears by day and night; it is your right. Toward you and toward your race heaven forbid that I should ever again be cruel or unjust! Fly, with gold and azure wings, heaven's own messenger, as yet you have prevented but one marriage. Ah! do not stop so soon. Roam on; your time is precious; lose not an instant. Who knows? Perhaps, you are longed for, waited for elsewhere! So, fly, devoted to your fruitful work, speed from church to church; set free the human race!

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.

FRANK E. HOLLIDAY.

MY little Bo-Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying;
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger-tips
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
Bid your days go all a-Maying.
O Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

TOCCOA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

MRS. LOULA KENDALL ROGERS.

["This picturesque place is in northeastern Georgia, high up among the hills, being 2,000 feet above the sea level, with fine prospects on every side. Over an adamantine precipice, the poetical, historical, beautiful Toccoa, like a silver ribbon unwinding from the mountains in a sinuous, wave-like motion, drops down 186 feet. Midway in its downward flight it is metamorphosed into white foam, reaches a fathomless pool, and is water again, as is the snowflake on the lakelet's breast."]

IN a dark enchanted forest where the red man loved to roam
Searching for the Misha-mokwa and the Wawa in their home,
Where no spirit of the iceland, with its chilly, blighting breath,
Ever dared to venture boldly lest he meet with woe and death,
Lived the mighty Hiawassee,
Brave in peace and brave in battle,
For the lightning's flash he cared not,
Or the Annemeekee's rattle.
Hated he the beaded wampum of the valiant Cherokee,
Scorned he all the famed adventures of their warriors bold and free.

In the home of Hiawassee, near the rippling water's tide,
Bloomed a radiant forest flower all his own, his joy, his pride,
And from Yonah's height so lofty to the Rio Grande's shore,
Grew no maiden half so lovely as the beautiful Toccoa.
Like the raven's wing her tresses,
Flowing light o'er land and water,
Eyes emitting sunny flashes,
Hiawassee's cunning daughter!
Like a wild gazelle she bounded o'er the dewy mountain's side,
Resting oft upon its summit, regal in exultant pride.

Though untutored in the graces, and unskilled in classic lore,
A poet's rapture thrilled the soul of beautiful Toccoa;
And when other maids were dancing at the harvest of the maize,
The grandeur of the mountain height far more entranced *her* gaze.
Southward rolled the broad Savannah
And the flowery Chattahoochee,
At her feet the hallowed stillness
Of the lovely vale Nacoochee;
Westward gleamed the swift Etowah, bearing gold upon its breast,
Far away the Alleghany blends with sky its snowy crest.

Ne'er had earth a fairer temple than this rugged forest home
Where the Manitou, Great Spirit, dwelt in every lofty dome;
Where each woodland dell and grotto and the winds His name repeat,
Ah! Toccoa felt their beauty, and she worshipped at His feet.
Every bird and every flower
And the Minnewawa sighing,
Whispered in the solemn stillness
Of the land beyond the dying,
And the Indian maiden wondered if the love of which she dreamed
Would be granted in that Aiden where the golden glory beamed.

Far away she heard the thunder of the swiftly coming storm,
Saw the river courses yielding to the victor's mighty arm,
Saw the clefting of the mountains by the rushing iron steed
Bearing ruin, desolation, on the path her fathers lead.
When the council men astounded
Heard the vision dark expounded,
With loud menaces and yelling
O'er Tallulah's crag they bounded
Threat'ning woe against the maiden whose prophetic evil eye
Saw the downfall of her nation—and they swore that she must die!

Wrapt in solemn grandeur, gazing on the mountain's lofty height,
Found they beautiful Toccoa far away from mortal sight,
As pure in heart and spirit as the hawthorn's snowy bloom,
All unconscious of the evil, and her own approaching doom.
"Onaway! O evil-hearted!"
Shouted they in mocking laughter
As they rudely seized the lovely form
Of Hiawassee's daughter;
Tore the snow-bird of the mountain from its home upon the crest,
As the summer sun was sinking in the glory of the west!

Further on they bore her, trembling, to the fern-encircled edge
Of a mighty rock descending far below the "Table Ledge,"
There disrobed her of her jewels, taunted her with cruel hate,
But she calmly heard their frenzy, calmly met her awful fate.
"Hold there! hold, O Rushing Eagle!"
Cried the chief in scornful ire,
"Take thy belt and dim her vision
Ere the hundred darts come nigher!"
Proudly glancing on the traitors, fearlessly responded she:
"Never! seest not, craven-hearted, that Toccoa's soul is free?

"Canst thou, tyrant, bind Polaris? Turn him from auroral sky?
True as he I stand undaunted, for I do not fear to die!
Tell my father, Hiawassee, when two moons have passed away
He shall see a pearly tear-drop falling with the dashing spray."
Then she knelt and, glancing upward,
Called on Manitou, the Mighty:
"Ah, Showain, Nemeshin, Nosa!"
(Father! Father! hear in pity!)
Quickly sped the fated arrows, streamed her heart blood far below,
Then adown the fearful chasm sunk the beautiful Toccoa!
Soon the Indian maids assembled, hoping for some lingering trace
Of the beauty they had envied; but, alas! no more her face
Beamed amid the fragrant flowers of Nacoochee's peerless vale,
And no more they heard her whisper on the softly sighing gale.

Hast'ning homeward, Hiawassee,
Battling long with Shawondassee
Missed the welcome of his daughter,
His own singing bird, Owassee.
Then they told him as the shadows gathered in the distant west,
Of the hundred arrows buried in her pure and lovely breast.

Maddened, faint, and broken-hearted, plunged he in the fated stream,
Resting not amid the darkness or the daylight's piercing beam,
Searching ever for his daughter; but he saw her face no more,
Gone from earthly sight forever was the radiant Toccoa.
Ere two moons had passed in sorrow,
Came a shimmering stream of brightness
Still, so still, its silvery whiteness
Seemed a bridal veil in lightness.
'Twas the tear of sweet Toccoa gleaming in the rainbow hue
Of the Great Hereafter—telling of the beautiful and true!

The effectiveness of the recitation is greatly enhanced by giving it in Indian costume.

DEFINITIONS OF SOME OF THE WORDS:

Misha-mokwa—wild bear. Wawa—white swan.
Annemeekee—thunder. Minnewawa—music of the pines.
Onaway—avaunt. Polaris—The North Star. Owassee—nightingale.

REPENTANCE.

A TEACHER in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration:

"Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?"

One of the scholars eagerly replied: "Yes, mum."

"And why, Marmaduke?"

"'Cause."

"Because why, Marmaduke?"

"Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!"

LOVE AND THEOLOGY.

A CANNIBAL maiden loved too well
A missionary good,
And he loved her, but he dared not tell
His love, for thus it stood:
A cannibal she and a clergyman he,
And their creeds were wide apart;
And how could he take, for sentiment's sake,
A cannibal to his heart?
Oh, 'twas a problem vexing, very,
For the cannibal maid and the missionary—indeed it was.

But the cannibal maiden's love grew bold,
For she was a simple thing,
And thus her love to her love she told:
"Oh, marry me! Be my king!
For I love you, my sweet, well enough—oh, to eat!
'Tis a terrible thing, I know;
But I must be your bride, or encompass you fried—
Oh, I must, for I love you so!"
Oh, 'twas a problem vexing, very,
To the maid, but more to the missionary—indeed it was.

He looked into the depths of her dark-brown eyes,
With their wealth of love and trust,
And he cried in the flush of a glad surprise:
"Ah, well, if I must I must!"
They were wed on that day—for 'tis ever the way
That passion must conquer creed;
And a happier pair it's remarkably rare
To discover—it is indeed!
And so 'twas settled nicely, very,
For the cannibal maid and the missionary—indeed it was.

PALESTINE.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

A little maid at Sunday school,
And golden hair and golden rule
To her are quite the same.
She hears the story she loves best,
How Jesus little children blest,
Gets Peter mixed up with the rest;
The child is not to blame,
For Matthew, Mark and Luke and John,
All she can fix her mind upon
Are sure to get the glory;
But speak of Jesus crucified,
E'en though she knows not why He died,
Her little ears are open wide
To catch the sacred story.
The light of heaven is in her eye,
A bit of blue ta'en from the sky;
You see the angels, by the by,
Reflected in them shine.
She asks, "And where did Jesus live?
And is it far to Palestine?"
And says, "One-half of life I'd give
If I could go to Palestine—
Across the sea to Palestine."

A maiden grown so beautiful,
To worship her is dutiful;
So thinks the ardent youth.
They sit together in the pew
And worship God as lovers do;
God gets one thought and love gets two,
If they confess the truth.

If each love each with one accord
A trifle better than their Lord,
'Tis but young love's emotion.
E'en while she hears the sermon said,
The thought that next month she'll be wed
But makes her cheek the brighter red,
To prove the heart's devotion.
The light of heaven is in her eye,
A bit of blue ta'en from the sky.
He thinks, "No angel from on high
Is half so fair as mine!"
And yet no love can drive away
The early thought of Palestine.
"One-fourth of life," he hears her say,
"I'd give to go to Palestine—
Across the sea to Palestine!"

A loving mother, at whose knee
Fair children learn of Galilee,
As she who teaches them
First learned to love, then to adore,
And worship her dear Saviour more
Longing to see that distant shore,
Where lies Jerusalem.
A Christian mother, grown in grace,
Until upon her very face
You read the sacred story,
As leaves of autumn blushing hold
All of the summer's sunlight gold,
So that the year, when growing old,
May be baptized in glory!
Or like some rainbow fallen down
Upon the mountain old and brown,
Bright as the halo-circled crown
Of Jesus, the Divine.

The less of life she has to live,
The more she longs for Palestine;
One-tenth of life she'd freely give
Could she but go to Palestine—
Across the sea to Palestine.

Grandmother old, with aproned lap
And hair much whiter than her cap—
For in those tresses hoary
A life-time's purity is caught,
As if some silkworm deftly wrought
The silken texture of her thought
Into a crown of glory.
A face so pleasant all the while,
Not age, but that accustomed smile
Had furrowed wrinkles there.
The day of youth in glory dies;
The moon his cloudy pennant flies
Up the blue ocean of the skies—
Old age and moon compare.
The less of life she has to live
Still longing for dear Palestine,
The less of life she has to give—
One year to go to Palestine—
Across the sea to Palestine.

Old age sits nodding in her chair,
Her thoughts are what? Her thoughts are where?
Who knows what age is thinking?
Long hours she'll sit and croon and wait,
As though she did anticipate
Some angel at the garden gate.
They watch her slowly sinking,
Enfeebled, wrinkled, withered age,
Her fingers resting on the page
For years she has not read—

The sacred Book of Truth divine,
The very page, the very line,
That points the way to Palestine—
One nod, and she is dead.
How many harps are left unstrung,
How many songs are left unsung,
Like prayers that never reach the tongue,
Yet heard by the Divine?
Her longing ended at the grave;
She went at last to Palestine,
Another way to Palestine.
And all her Christian life she gave
To go and live in Palestine,
That fairer, holier Palestine.

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR."

"MISS EMERSONIA OSGOODSON will now favor the company with a recitation," announced the teacher, to the friends who had assembled in the school-room to enjoy the regular Friday afternoon exercises.

Little Miss Emersonia recited as follows:

"Coruscate, coruscate, diminutive stellar orb!
How inexplicable to me seems the stupendous problem of thy existence!
Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terraqueous planet we occupy!
Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence a crystallized carbon gem of unsurpassing brilliancy and impenetrability glittering in the ethereal vault whose boundless immensity we endeavor to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!"

When the dear little Boston girl had finished in her rapt, soulful, Bostonian way and sat down, there wasn't a dry spectacle in the school-room.

THE POST THAT FITTED.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him eastward, Sleary was engaged to marry
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my little Carrie."
Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other way.
Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry dibs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scantly furnished quarters—
Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's daughters.
Certainly an impecunious subaltern was not a catch,
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed and clothe the bride,
Got him made a something something somewhere on the Bombay side.
Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry—
As the artless Sleary put it: "Just the thing for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of a baser mind?
No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.
(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could gather:
"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of lather!")

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite
Sleary with distressing vigor—always in the Boffkins' sight.
Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned his ring,
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all thoughts of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened holy joy—
Epileptic fits don't matter in political employ—
Wired three short words to Carrie—took his ticket, packed his kit—
Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and laughed until she wept—
Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched epilept."
Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

WILL CARLETON.

GOOD old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand nights and days,
And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude of ways;
Had received a message daily over Faith's celestial wire,
And had kept his little chapel full of flames of heavenly fire;
He had raised a num'rous family, straight and sturdy as he could,
And his boys were all considered as unnaturally good;
And his "slender sal'ry" kept him till went forth the proclamation,
"We will pay him up this season with a gen'rous, large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn upon the ear,
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year;
And they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequential size,
And some onions whose completeness drew the moisture from his eyes;
And some cider—more like water, in an inventory strict;
And some apples, pears and peaches, that the autumn gales had picked;
And some strings of dried-up apples—mummies of the fruit creation—
Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the pumpkin's cheerful cheek,
Likewise beans enough to furnish half of Boston for a week;
And some butter that was worthy to have Samson for a foe,
And some eggs whose inner nature held the legend, "Long ago!"
And some stove-wood, green and crooked, on his flower-beds was laid,
Fit to furnish fire departments with the most substantial aid.
All things unappreciated found this night their true vocation
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder Lamb's donation.

There were biscuits whose material was their own secure defense;
There were sauces whose acuteness bore the sad pluperfect tense;
There were jellies undissected, there were mystery-laden pies;
There was bread that long had waited for the signal to arise;
There were cookies tasting clearly of the drear and musty past;
There were doughnuts that in justice 'mongst the metals might be classed;
There were chickens, geese and turkeys that had long been on probation,
Now received in full connection at old Elder Lamb's donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper made for someone not so tall,
And they brought him twenty slippers, every pair of which was small;
And they covered him with sackcloth, as it were, in various bits,
And they clothed his helpless children in a wardrobe of misfits;
And they trimmed his house with "Welcome," and some bric-a-bracish trash,
And one absent-minded brother brought five dollars all in cash!
Which the good old pastor handled with a thrill of exultation,
Wishing that in filthy lucre might have come his whole donation!

Morning came at last in splendor; but the Elder, wrapped in gloom,
Knelt amid decaying produce and the ruins of his home;
And his piety had never till that morning been so bright,
For he prayed for those who brought him to that unexpected plight.
But some worldly thoughts intruded, for he wondered o'er and o'er,
If they'd buy that day at auction what they gave the night before?
And his fervent prayer concluded with the natural exclamation,
"Take me to Thyself in mercy, Lord, before my next donation!"

A REPROACH.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE room is ablaze with countless lights, the faces catch the glow;
Like the song of hidden water-sprites the rhythmic waltz-strains flow.
And I am one of a dozen men who bow before your throne.
Ah, Rosalie, I remember when I was the only one.

Last summer I was the only one who waited for your smile,
When we rowed about the lake alone, and tramped for many a mile.
Then there were dozens of girls around as fair as they could be,
Yet in my eyes you were always found the only one for me.

Now, when I ask you for a single dance, you hand to me your card;
Ah, sweet indeed, is that smile and glance, but fate is very hard;
For every dance on your card is gone, there's not an empty line,
And a certain "F" has five alone—What! Are those dances mine?

GUIDO FERRANTI.

OSCAR WILDE.

Arranged by ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[Beatrice, the beautiful young wife of an old and despicably tyrannical duke, loves and is loved in return by Guido Ferranti. She resolves to kill her husband so that she may be free to marry the man she loves. Guido has also been on the point of murdering the old duke; but, forgetting his own plotting when he learns that Beatrice has done the deed, he denounces her cruelly.]

Guido. O dear saint!
If I have been too daring, pardon me.
Thy beauty sets my eager blood aflame.
Oh, let my reverent lip touch thy white hand,
For there is nothing that I would not do
To gain thy love!

Beatrice. Guido, do you indeed
Love me so much as now you say you do?

Guido. Ask of the sea-bird if it loves the sea,
Ask of the roses if they love the rain,
Ask of the little lark that will not sing
Till daybreak, if it loves to see the day;
And yet these are but empty images,
Mere shadows of my love, which is a fire
So great that all the waters of the main
Cannot avail to quench it!
Oh, tell me, may I stay or must I go?

Beatrice. I would not have you either stay or go,
For, if you stay, you steal my love from me,
And if you go you take my love away.
Guido, though all the morning stars could sing,
They could not tell the measure of my love.

Guido. O white and spotless angel of my life,
I beg thee, pray for me to save my soul.

Beatrice. Ay! I do pray for mercy earnestly.
Let us get horses and to Venice fly;
They will not think of looking for me there.

Guido. Love, I will follow you across the world.

Beatrice. But, are you sure you love me?

Guido. Never so much as now.

Beatrice. Could nothing ever change you?

Guido. The shipman's needle is not set more sure
Than I am to the loadstone of your love.

Beatrice. There is no barrier between us now!

Guido. None, love, nor ever shall be.

Beatrice. I have seen to that!

Guido. Tarry here for me.
I will return within a moment's space,
But first I must repair to the duke's chamber
And leave this letter and this dagger there.
That when he wakes—

Beatrice. When who wakes?

Guido. Why, the duke!

Beatrice. He will not wake again.

Guido. What, is he dead?

Beatrice. Ay! He is dead, for I have just killed him!
He was asleep.
Come closer, love, and I will tell you all.
Kiss me upon the mouth and I will tell you.
You will not kiss me now? Well, you will kiss me
When I have told you how I killed the duke.
After you left me with such bitter words
I had resolved to kill myself to-night.
About an hour ago I waked from sleep
And took my dagger from beneath my head,

And drew it from the sheath and felt the edge,
And thought of you, and how I loved you, dear,
And turned to fall upon it, when I marked
The old man sleeping, full of years and sin.
Suddenly, like a flame, there flashed across me,
This is the barrier Guido spoke of!
I hardly know what happened,
But a steaming mist of blood rose up between us two,
And then the air rained blood, and then he groaned,
And then he groaned no more!

Guido. Oh, horrible! Enough, enough!

Beatrice. Will you not kiss me now?
Do you remember saying that women's love
Turns men to angels? Well, the love of man
Turns women into martyrs. For its sake
We do or suffer anything.

Guido. O God!

Beatrice. Let us go hence.
Is not the barrier broken down between us?
What would you more? Come. It is almost morning.

Guido. O damned saint! O angel fresh from hell!
What bloody devil tempted thee
To kill thy husband, murder love, and in its place
To set a horrible and blood-stained thing,
Whose very breath breeds pestilence and plague
And strangles love?

Beatrice. I did it all for you.
I would not have had you do it had you willed.
For I would keep you without blot or stain.
Oh, be kind to me! I did it all for you.

Guido. No! Do not touch me.
Between us lies a thin red stream of blood.
I dare not kiss across it. When you stabbed him,

You stabbed Love with a sharp knife to the heart.
Rather than this I had died a thousand deaths.

Beatrice. I, having done it, died a thousand deaths.

Guido. It is not death but life that you should fear.

Beatrice. Then stay we now! I have spilt blood to-night;
You shall spill more; so we go hand in hand,
To heaven or to hell.

Guido. I pray you, let me see your face no more.

Beatrice. Better for me had I not seen your face.
I see when men love women that they give
To them but very little of their lives;
But women, when they love, give everything.
I see that, Guido, now. O Guido, love,
Drive me not to some desperate resolve.
Women grow mad when they are treated thus!

Guido. Back to your dead!

Beatrice. So be't. You speak the word.
What! ho! my men, there's been foul murder done;
The duke lies dead upon his curtained bed,
And look! There stands the man who killed my lord!

MABEL.

'Tis winter. Now no longer can Mabel, rarest maid,
Perched on the lofty grand stand, her baseball lore parade,
And when the home club chances to win the bleachers' shout,
Call, in her rich contralto, "George, are the umpires out?"

No. But at hop and party gleams, as a star, her mind.
There, when she sits at euchre, riches galore I find.
She, for whose love in rapture hearts by the dozen thump,
Asks, holding out the joker, "Say, is this thing a trump?"

Then, when the Prince of Denmark thrills to the core each heart,
Or when the chords of Wagner lead us from earth apart,
When, from impassioned poet breathless each word we wait,
"Say," says this modern Helen, "George, is my hat on straight?"

MY NEIGHBOR JIM.

O. F. PEARRE.

EVERYTHING pleased my neighbor, Jim.
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief, supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now, this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track,
And did him harm—
It broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old;
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead.

BOUM-BOUM.

JULES CLARÉTIE.

Arranged by ELSIE M. WILBOR.

THE day was dawning clear, mild, entering the narrow room where little François, the child of Jacques and Madeline Legrand, was dying.

He was seven years of age. Fair, rosy, and so lively; gay as a lark only three weeks ago! But fever had come; they had brought him back from the parish school, his head heavy and his hands very hot. And since then he was there, in bed, and sometimes in his delirium, he said, looking at his little shoes, which his mother had carefully laid aside in a corner on the shelf:

"You may as well throw them away now! Little François will never put them on again! Little François will never go to school any more, never, never!"

"Don't, darling!" the father would say, while the poor mother buried her head in her pillow so that François should not hear her sobs.

One night the child had not been delirious; but he made the doctor anxious by a sort of strange prostration, which seemed like a surrender, as if the sick one had already experienced the weariness of living. He was tired, silent, sad, tossing his head on the pillow, refusing everything, having no smile on his poor, thin lips, and his eyes seeking, seeing one knows not what, over there very far.

"Up there, perhaps!" thought Madeline.

"Do you want something, François?"

"No; I don't."

"We must get him out of this," the doctor had said. "This torpor frightens me! You are his father and mother; you know your child well. Find something that will revive the little body, recall to earth the mind wandering after the clouds!"

"Find!"

They knew how much the little one enjoyed to ransack the hedges on Sunday and to come back to Paris loaded with hawthorn, on the father's shoulders; or else, at the Champs-Elysées, to watch Punch and Judy from the inside of the rope like the rich children. Jacques Legrand had bought pictures, gilt soldiers; he cut them out, put them on the child's bed, made them dance before the restless eyes of the little one, and, with his heart breaking, he tried to make him laugh. "See, this is a general. Remember, we saw one at the Bois de Boulogne! If you take your medicine, I will buy you a real one with a cloth coat and gold epaulets. Do you want the general, say?"

"No," the child would answer, with the dry voice of fever.

"Would you like a pistol, marbles, or a gun?"

"No," repeated the little voice, sharp and almost cruel.

And to whatever was proposed, to all the jumping-jacks, to all the balls that were promised him, the little voice answered: "No, no, no."

"But what do you want, my precious one?" asked the mother. "There must be something you would like to have. Tell me, me! your own mamma!" Then the child, with a strange accent, sitting up in bed and pointing toward something invisible, answered:

"I want Boum-Boum!"

Boum-Boum!

Poor Madeline cast at her husband a look of fear. What was the little one saying? Was the frightful delirium coming back?

Boum-Boum! She did not know the meaning of this, and she was afraid of the words which the child repeated now with a sickly stubbornness.

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum."

"What is the meaning of this, Jacques? He is lost."

But the father had on his rough face a smile almost happy.

Boum-Boum! He remembered when he had taken François to the circus. He could still hear the child's boisterous joy, his merry laughter, when the clown, the beautiful clown, all bespangled with gold, with a large red-brown butterfly shining on the back of his black costume, skipped across the ring, tripped up a riding-master,

or remained motionless and stiff on the sawdust, his head down and his feet in the air, or threw up to the chandeliers soft felt hats, which he caught skilfully on the top of his head, where they formed, one by one, a pyramid; and at every joke a broad grin lighted up his countenance, while he uttered the same cry, accompanied at times by the orchestra: "Boum-Boum!"

It was this Boum-Boum, the circus clown, that little François wanted to see, that he wished to have!

That evening, Jacques brought the child an articulated clown, all covered with spangles, for which he had paid very dear, the price of four days' work! But he would have given a year of his labor to bring back a smile to the pale lips of the sufferer.

The child looked for a moment at the toy, then, sadly:

"It isn't Boum-Boum! I want to see Boum-Boum."

Ah! if Jacques could have carried him to the circus and shown him the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier! He did better: he went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and trembling with emotion, climbed the steps leading to the artist's apartments. It was very bold what he was doing. Perhaps the clown might consent to come and say good-morning to François. But how would he be received there at Boum-Boum's?

It was no longer Boum-Boum! It was McMorens, and books, engravings, and elegance of art made a choice frame to a charming man who received Jacques.

Jacques looked bewildered, turning between his fingers his hat, and not recognizing the clown who waited for him to speak. It was certainly extraordinary what he came to ask, it was hardly to be thought of. "Pardon. Excuse me, but the little one's life depended upon it; a pretty little one, sir. And so bright! Always first at school, excepting in arithmetic, which he does not take to. A dreamer is my little boy, you see! Yes, a dreamer. And the proof is—you see—the proof——"

Jacques hesitated, stammered, then he picked up his courage. "He wishes to see you, he thinks only of you, and you are there in front of him like a star at which he gazes and which he would like to have."

When he had finished large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He did not dare to look at the clown. And what was he going to say, Boum-Boum? If he were to send him away, to take him for a lunatic and put him out of the house!

"You live?" asked Boum-Boum.

"Oh! very near!"

"Let us go! He wants to see Boum-Boum, your boy? Well, he shall see him."

When the door opened before the clown, Jacques cried gayly:

"François, be happy, my boy! Here is Boum-Boum!"

A flash of joy crossed the child's face. He lifted himself up on his mother's arm and glanced at the gentleman in a black coat, whose merry face smiled to him and whom he did not know, and when he was told: "It is Boum-Boum!" he let his head fall back sadly on the pillow; his eyes staring, looked beyond the walls of the little room seeking still the spangles and the butterfly. "No," replied the child disconsolately; "no, it is not Boum-Boum."

The clown, standing near the little bed, cast on the face of the sick one a compassionate look of infinite sweetness.

He shook his head, looked at the anxious father and the despairing mother, and said smiling: "He is right; it is not Boum-Boum!" and he departed.

"I shall never see him again, I shall never see him again!" repeated the child, whose voice spoke to the angels. "Boum-Boum is perhaps over there where little François will soon go."

But all at once—not half an hour after the clown had disappeared—the door opened, and, in his bespangled black tights, the yellow tuft on his cranium, the golden butterfly on his chest and back, a broad grin on his floury face, Boum-Boum, the real Boum-Boum of the circus, François' Boum-Boum appeared!

And on his little white bed, a joy of life in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the child clasped his thin hands, cried bravo and said with a childish glee:

"Boum-Boum! 'Tis he, now 'tis he! Here is Boum-Boum! Hurrah for Boum-Boum! Good-morning, Boum-Boum!"

When the doctor came that day, he found sitting near little François a clown with a floury face, who made the child laugh again and again, saying as he poured out some medicine :

"You know, if you do not drink, little François, Boum-Boum will not come again."

And the child drank.

"Isn't it good ?"

"Very good ! Thank you, Boum-Boum !"

"Doctor," said the clown, "do not be jealous ; but it seems to me that my grimaces do him as much good as your prescriptions !"

And until little François was on foot again a carriage stopped every day before the workman's lodging, and a man got down wrapped in a cloak, and underneath costumed as for the circus, with a merry, floury face.

"What do I owe you, sir ?" said Jacques, when the child went out for the first time, "for I do owe you something !"

The clown extended his hands.

"A shake of the hand," said he. Then giving two hearty kisses to the child on his now rosy cheeks.

"And the permission to put on my cards :

"BOUM—BOUM,

"ACROBAT, M. D.,

"Doctor in ordinary to little François."

A VALUABLE POSTSCRIPT.

WHO will say that a woman's inevitable postscript is not valuable, after hearing the following letter from a charming girl :

"DEAR MR. HICKS :—I am sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Yours sincerely,

"ETHEL BARROWS.

"P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up this evening to see your own true Ethel."

THE PASSING SHOW.

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

OVER our head the branches made
A canopy of woven shade;
The birds about this beechen tent
Like deft attendants came and went.
A sly wood-robin, fluting low,
Furnished the music for the show.
The cricket and the grasshopper
A portion of the audience were.
Thither did Fancy leap to fling
Light somersaults around the ring.
Wit, the sly jester of the town,
And rustic Humor played the clown.
Reason was ringmaster, and waved
His whip when these his anger braved.
Wishes were horses that each rode
Unto his heart's desire's abode.
Then Laughter and Delight and Glee
Performed their parts that all might see,
Till a sweet wind across the clover
Whispered: "At last, the show is over."
And the broad shadow of a cloud
Moved from us like a moving crowd.

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Birdseye, George (1844—).—Born in New York City, Nov. 21, and educated at the College of the City of New York, he entered Harvard University and was graduated with the degree of LL.B. in 1866. The same year he was admitted to the New York Bar, and practiced in that city for ten years with indifferent success. In 1885 he moved to Boston, where he has since resided, contributing to magazines and papers. His writings frequently appear in *Judge*, *Life* and the Detroit *Free Press*. In 1866 he published a volume of poems, entitled "Woman and the War," which is now out of print. He is preparing for early publication a volume of poems and translations under the title of "Varieties in Verse."

Brooks, Fred Emerson.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Bryant, William Cullen (1794–1878).—This journalist and favorite poet was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3. He studied at Williams College for the Bar, and was admitted to practice in 1815. His literary talents early manifested themselves, his first published poem appearing in the Hampton *Gazette* in 1807. In 1808 "The Embargo" was given to the public, and four years later his world-famous "Thanatopsis" was written. Coming to New York he accepted an editorial position on the *Evening Post*, and was made its editor in 1828, which place he held till his death. His first book of poems appeared in 1821. Among his subsequent works are: "The Fountain, and Other Poems," 1842; "Letters of a Traveler," 1852; "Thirty Poems," 1864; "Letters from the East," 1869; translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," into English blank verse, 1870–2. This last is, perhaps, his most monumental work. He died in New York, June 12.

Buchanan, Robert.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Canfield, Hattie G. (1866—).—This young writer was born at Akron, O., May 12, and was graduated from the High School of that place in 1883. She is a teacher by profession, having been engaged in the work for several years. Her writings, consisting of short stories and poems, have chiefly appeared in the *Young Crusader* and in Ohio papers. Her poems are specially suited for recitation, having been written largely for that purpose and to supply her own wants.

Carleton, Will.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Claretie, Jules Arnaud (1840—).—Born at Limoges France, December 3. Educated in Paris, he at once entered the journalistic and lecture field, but in 1865 was forbidden to speak in public, on account of his ultra-republican views. He was associated with the army in the Franco-German war as correspondent. In 1872 he founded a newspaper, *Le Corsaire*. Among his works are: "Voyages d'un Parisien," 1865; "Mlle. Cachemire," 1867; two dramas, "La Famille des Gueux" and "Raymond Lindey," 1869; "Histoire de la Guerre de 1870-71" (2 vols.), 1872.

Douglas, Malcolm (1862—).—A popular American author. Mr. Douglas was born in Cincinnati, O., June 20. At a rather early age he began to contribute to magazines and newspapers. His first editorial engagement was with the Cincinnati *Daily Sun*, of which now defunct publication he was the exchange and dramatic editor. He resigned the position to go to New York, where,

shortly after his arrival, he became the associate editor of *The Argosy*, then *The Golden Argosy*. At this time he was only about 21. He afterward published a monthly magazine of his own, entitled *The Family*, which was sold after a period of sixteen months in order that he might engage more actively in literary work. For the last nine years Mr. Douglas has been a frequent and welcome contributor to the New York periodicals. His name is, perhaps, best known in connection with his work for children, about thirty of his poems having appeared in *St. Nicholas*. He also finds time for dramatic criticism, and has composed several songs. His poems and stories have never been collected, but a volume of children's verses will be issued next year. Mr. Douglas's work is markedly clever and his future promises much.

Ebers, Georg Moritz (1837—).—A German Egyptologist, born in Berlin, March 1, and educated at Göttingen and Berlin. He traveled extensively in Egypt and Arabia, and in 1870 accepted a professorship at Leipsic. The first work from his pen appeared in 1864, "Eine aegyptische Königstochter," a historical novel in three volumes. It has been widely read, and is translated into several languages. It is founded on the subjugation of Egypt by the Persians. Of his scientific writings, "Aegypten und die Bücher Moses," 1868, and "Durch Gosen zum Sinai," 1872, rank high.

English, Thomas Dunn (1819—).—Born in Philadelphia June 29, he was graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania. He was admitted to the Bar in 1842. Later, he settled in New Jersey and began practice as a physician; he is still living in that state. Besides numerous novels and some dramas, he has written some very pleasing verse, which has been collected in two volumes, "Poems," 1855, and "American Ballads," 1882.

Field, Eugene.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Gaddess, Mrs. Mary L.—Born in Baltimore and given a fine collegiate education, this author has written extensively for the leading periodicals of this country under various pen-names, among them being "Faith Derrick" and "Mignonne." At the age of 12 she took the first prize for an essay written in competition with twenty young ladies of the senior class in college. In 1869 she received the degree of "Professor of Belles-Lettres and Elocution." In 1874 the honor of "Mistress of English Literature" was conferred. In 1885, being an artist of considerable merit, she was chosen professor of drawing and painting, and taught large classes in the Baltimore Female College. She has also edited the ladies' corner of a Baltimore journal. In addition to her literary and home duties Mrs. Gaddess has, with marked success, conducted, staged, and produced a large number of plays and other entertainments, many of them original with her. She is an easy, fluent lecturer, and a thoroughly cultured woman. Among her writings may be mentioned a cantata, "The Ivy Queen;" "A Dream of Fair Women and Brave Men;" "Revels of the Queen of May," and other plays.

Green, Anna Katharine (see Rohlfs, Mrs. Charles).

Holliday, Frank E. (1871—).—Born at Wheelersburg, O., and educated in the public school, which he left at the age of 16 to become a reporter on the *Daily Irontonian*, of Ironton. In 1888 he accepted a staff-position on the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, being the youngest man ever connected with that paper in a reportorial capacity. He has done special correspondence work for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and has recently been made a special writer for the Central Press Association, a position that he now holds. He has written

many pretty poems, among the best being "A Good-night Song," "Accidents," "How Strange it will be," and "My Little Bo-Peep," by which last he is represented in this collection. He is a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal, Overland Monthly, Puck, Judge, America.*

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809—).—New England, the home of many distinguished men, has produced none more brilliant than this author-physician who was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29. He was educated at Harvard University, and was graduated in 1829 in the now famous class of that year. After a short time he gave up the study of law for that of medicine, and supplemented his study in this country by three years' work in the Edinburgh and Paris hospitals, taking his degree in 1836. The first published thing from his pen was a poem in the Boston *Advertiser* in 1830, protesting against the destroying of the frigate "Constitution," which brought him at once into notice. His first volume of poems appeared in 1836. In 1839 he was appointed professor of physiology and anatomy at Dartmouth, and in 1847 accepted a professorship at the Harvard medical school, where he remained till 1882. Dr. Holmes is a very prolific and entertaining writer, whose work is as heartily admired abroad as at home. Of his numerous works the following will serve as specimens: "Urania," 1846; "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," 1859; "Songs in Many Keys," 1861; "Elsie Venner," 1861; "The Guardian Angel," 1868; "Pages from an Old Volume of Life," 1880; "Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," 1883; "Our Hundred Days in Europe," 1887; "Over the Teacups," 1890. He is famous as a reciter of memorial poems, one of the most brilliant of which is his "The Boys."

Horton, George (1859—).—This writer was born at Fairville, N. Y., Oct. 11. He was graduated from the Michigan University in 1878, in the classical course. Several years were spent in traveling around the United States, when he settled down to an editorial position on the Chicago *Herald*, which he now holds. A collection of his poems is being made, and will probably appear during the summer.

Jessop, George H. (1852—).—At Doory Hall, County Longford, Ireland, was born this gifted and versatile writer, the youngest son of a gentleman of old family. He was educated at Royal School, Dungannon, and Trinity College, Dublin, whence he was graduated in 1873. He at once came to the United States and settled in San Francisco, where he began to write for the newspapers dramatic criticisms, literary and special articles, and verse. After a visit to Ireland, he came to New York in 1879 and began playwriting. Among his stage successes are: "Sam'l of Posen," "Mam'zelle," "Our Governor," "In Paradise," "Myles Aroon," "22 Second Floor," "A Gold Mine," and "The Power of the Press," the last a play produced in March of this year, and an instantaneous success. Of his novels everyone is familiar with "Judge Lynch," "Gerald French's Friends," and "Check and Countercheck." His poems have never been collected; they are numerous and bright. His writings appear in *The Century, Harper's, Scribner's, Atlantic Monthly*, and *Longman's*. For three years Mr. Jessop edited *Judge*, but resigned in 1885. His writings are exceptionally clever.

Kipling, Rudyard —For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Lathrop, George Parsons (1851—).—A clever writer, born at Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, Aug. 25. He studied in New York and Dresden till 1870, then took up literature as a profession. For two years, 1875–7, he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and subsequently was chief editor of the

Boston *Courier* till 1879. About this time he purchased Hawthorne's old home, "The Wayside," at Concord, Mass., where he did considerable work. One of his most elaborate writings is the dramatization of "Elaine," which was produced in New York in 1877. Among his books are: "A Study of Hawthorne," 1876; "An Echo of Passion," 1882; "Spanish Vistas," 1883; "Newport," 1884; "Would You Kill Him?" 1889. His productions are found in all the leading magazines.

Luders, Charles Henry (1858—).—Born in Philadelphia, June 25, educated at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Luders is a writer of prose and verse for magazines. His chief published work is "Hallo, My Fancy," a volume of poems written in collaboration with S. D. Smith, Jr., 1887. His verse is delicate and graceful.

Lyle, William (1824—).—This author is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland. His first book was issued in England, and copies of it were accepted by the Queen. It was entitled "The Grave of Three Hundred." Among the journals for which he has written are: *The Journalist*, *Home Journal*, Detroit *Free Press*, Philadelphia *Call*, Rochester *Union*, N. Y. *Daily News*, and many others equally as well known. He is a prolific and entertaining writer.

McBeath, S. Blair (1859—).—An Englishman by birth, Mr. McBeath is a son of Neil McBeath, whose family has long resided in the Highlands of Scotland. His education was received partly in Edinburgh and partly in London, being finished at the City of London College, which he left as a prizeman. By profession Mr. McBeath is a commercial man, writing being a recreation. He came to America in 1889, and has contributed to the N. Y. *Herald*, N. Y. *Saturday Review*, *Puck*, and other papers. His work has not yet been collected.

McGlasson, Mrs. Eva Wilder.—One of the younger American writers who has made a reputation by her dialect sketches and verse. The scenes of most of her writings are laid in Kentucky, and the dialect is of that state, where she was educated and has spent nearly all of her time. Her first book, "Diana's Livery," was published in 1891, and has been highly praised by critics as fresh, vigorous and original. She contributes regularly to the Harper publications, *The Century*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and other leading journals. All of her work has been published during the last four years. Her poetry breathes, in a rustic way, of the rudest Kentucky scenes, an element that has added not a little to their popularity.

McLoughlin, Maurice E. (1867—).—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., of Irish parents, Dec. 6, he has been educated at St Francis Xavier's College. His work has appeared chiefly in the N. Y. *Herald*, and is in a popular vein. Among his verses may be mentioned: "The Woman's Rights Woman," "The Modern Song of the Shirt," "The March King," "Flossie," "The Romance of a Rose," all of which are of a satirical or semi-humorous character. Mr. McLoughlin is also a joke-writer, and his witticisms have amused the readers of *Puck*, *Judge*, *Munsey's Weekly* and other comic papers. In this line of work he is particularly good. It is his ambition to be known as a poet of the people. He writes of things as he sees them; and although he never rises to any great height of poetic fancy, his verses have a ring of truth that commends them to all.

Marsh, Mrs. George C. (1859—).—The author of the charming sketch "My Dog and I" was born at Palo, Ill., and was educated at Cornell College, Iowa. In 1879 she was married to George C. Marsh. Her literary work began about two years ago, when, to amuse herself during a convalescence of nearly

a year, when she was confined to her bed, she wrote a number of sketches. Her first story appeared in *Youth's Companion* in 1889, and was entitled "Jakie." This has been followed by stories in *The Advance*, N. Y. *Mail and Express*, until she is now a regular contributor to the Chicago *Tribune*, *Times* and *Inter-Ocean*, *Christian at Work*, *Puck* and other periodicals. She is most widely known under her pen-name of "Marie More Marsh." Although her literary career has been very short, she has met with great success, and her work is much sought after. She is an invalid, and passionately fond of dogs, of which she has a houseful. But of all the dogs that she has had during her eleven years of married life, none, she says, has been quite so dear as the faithful mongrel "Doggie," who died this winter, and whose last act was to raise her head and lick her mistress's hand with a tongue already growing cold in death. It is this dog that the sketch from Mrs. Marsh's pen in this collection pays tribute to.

Matthews, James Newton (1852—).—A native of Indiana, this "poet of the prairies" inherited his literary gifts. He was graduated at the University of Illinois, and later at the St. Louis Medical College, where he carried off the highest honors. He has practiced his profession in Illinois for many years. His poetry has the charm of spontaneity and nature. One volume has issued from his pen, "Tempe Vale, and Other Poems," 1888, and has met with cordial welcome. Personally he is a great favorite with everybody.

Mines, Flavel Scott (1866—).—Born at Cherry Valley, N. Y., May 1, and educated largely in private, this writer became connected with Harper and Brothers in 1881, remaining with them till 1890, during which time he passed through all their business departments, the last two years of his stay being as one of their general editorial staff. He is a contributor to all of the Harper publications, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *Independent*, *Munsey's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's*, and other leading periodicals. His work has thus far been confined to poems and short stories and sketches. No collection of his writings has yet appeared, though he has two books in preparation.

Oldham, Edward A. (1860—).—Born at Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 13, he attended the "Horner School," in that state, an institution of more than local repute. At a very early age he manifested journalistic tendencies, and when nine years old edited the *Little Monitor*. His time out of school was spent earning money with which to buy a small printing-press and type. Succeeding in this, he started and successfully issued a small paper, *Star of the South*. During his stay at the Bethel, Va., Military Academy he founded a college paper, the *Bethel Cadet*, which still exists. While here he was awarded the Corcoran Essayist medal, the highest literary honor of the school. At 16 he founded the North Carolina Amateur Press Association, becoming its president. The organization is still in existence. Before he was 19 his articles had been accepted by a British quarterly. He also did reportorial work for several papers. In 1882 he started the *New South*, a magazine that at once attracted attention for its brilliance and its intelligent utterances on all political topics. During this period he contributed to *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's*, New York *Times*, etc. After a year's life the *New South* died, but not until it had left its imprint. Since then he has edited with unusual success the Winston, N. C., *Sentinel* (raising it from an obscure paper with a circulation of 400, to the most brilliant paper in that state, illustrated), the *Daily World* and the *Sunday Budget*, of Charleston, and other journals. He is a regular contributor to *The Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Arena*, *Youth's Companion*, *Drake's Magazine*, and other leading magazines. A collection of his best poems is be-

ing prepared for publication. He is at present manager of the National Press Alliance, and is on the staff of the Washington *Post*. His verses are charming both in construction and in treatment of the subject.

Pearre, O. F. (1836—).—This writer was born in Clermont County, O., June 21, and was educated at Eureka College, Illinois. He held the position of school commissioner of Livingston County, Ill., for several years, but has been practicing law for the last twenty-five years. His poems have been published in many periodicals, but have never been collected in a volume.

Peck, Samuel Minturn (1854—).—As one of the sweet singers of the South, Mr. Peck ranks high. He was born at Tuskaloosa, Ala., November 4. His general education was received at the University of Alabama, whilé his medical study was pursued in New York. He devotes himself chiefly to literature and farming. His poems were collected and published in 1886, under the title "Cap and Bells." A frequent contributor to magazines, Mr. Peck's work is admired by a large circle of readers.

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (see Ward, Mrs. Herbert D.).

Reavis, Mrs. Rebecca Morrow (1858—).—Born in Ireland, Sept. 12, and of Spanish-Irish extraction, Mrs. Reavis came to America in 1876, and made her literary *début* in St. Louis in 1883 as author of "Consider the Lilies." She was a poet from childhood, inheriting through her father an unbroken line of Spanish enthusiasm and poetic fervor. She has issued three small books of poems, the first appearing during the holiday season of 1883, entitled "Consider the Lilies, and Other Poems." It was warmly received. The same year she was married to L. U. Reavis, author and lecturer, who died in 1889. Her writings have chiefly appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune*. As a writer of prose and humor, a strong masculine tendency completely hides her identity. In some of her earlier poems a striking resemblance has been noticed to the style of Mrs. Hemans.

Riley, James Whitcomb.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Rogers, Mrs. Loula Kendall.—This daughter of the South is a native of Georgia, born and reared at Bellwood. She grew to womanhood amid scenes of luxury. Her education was gained at the Georgia Episcopal Institute and the Wesleyan Female College. Beginning to write at an early age, her productions appeared in many well-known papers and magazines. Her later writings have been of a religious character, and many of her hymns have found their way into various collections. Her writings are not confined to poetry, but include stories and sketches, which appear regularly in the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist*. For the last ten years she has been successfully teaching in Gordon Institute. Her writings have never been collected, though a recent volume entitled "Mayflowers and Mistletoe" contains a large number of things from her pen.

Rohlfs, Mrs. Charles.—To her large number of admiring readers this author is best known by her pen-name of "Anna Katharine Green." Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., her ambition from childhood had led her toward literary paths. Her school life was finished by her graduation from Ripley College, Vermont. Prior to this, Miss Green had written a large number of poems, but few of which had been printed. Some time after her matriculation she gave to the public her first work, entitled "The Leavenworth Case." The idea of the novel had been in her mind for years, and the book won her in-

stant success, though not in the line toward which she most leaned—poetry. In 1882 appeared a volume of verse by her, "The Defense of the Bride, and Other Poems," and five years later a drama, "Risifi's Daughter," in blank verse. Her novels have appeared abroad, and are eagerly read. During the publication of her latest book, "A Matter of Millions," Mrs. Rohlfs spent some time in Germany superintending its translation. In 1884 she was married to Charles Rohlfs, an actor who has successfully supported Booth and Barrett.

Smith, Francis Hopkinson (1838—).—"An American of the Americans" is what this humorist and author has been aptly styled, his great-grandfather having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Smith was born in Baltimore. He contributes to *The Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. By profession he is an artist and a civil engineer, but his writings are so exceptionally clever that it is hard to say whether he is at his best in or out of his profession. His published books are: "Well-Worn Roads," "A White Umbrella in Mexico," "A Book of the Tile Club," and "Col. Carter of Cartersville," the last to be issued in May. As an inimitable story-teller he is in great demand at notable dinner-parties. There is no dialect with which he is not familiar, and his stock of humor is apparently inexhaustible. An excellent specimen is "The One-Legged Goose," by which he is represented in this collection.

Smith, Henry B. (1860—).—Born in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 28, this writer has already held positions on nearly all the Chicago dailies. The greater part of his work, however, has been for the stage, in the libretto line. Of this his principal pieces have been: "The Begum," "Robin Hood" (successfully being performed in this country and abroad), "Don Quixote," "The Crystal Slipper," "Boccaccio," "Clover," "Captain Fracassa," "The Tar and the Tartar." This last-named piece was produced in New York during April of this year. His magazine and newspaper work has not been collected.

Taylor, Tom (1817–1880).—An Englishman, born at Sunderland, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and for two years professor of English literature in University College, London. In 1845 he was called to the Bar, and after 1858 was attached to the local government. He is best known as a dramatic writer, being author of over 100 plays, of which "The Unequal Match," "The Overland Route," "Our American Cousin," "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" and "Still Waters Run Deep" are known to everyone. He collaborated with Charles Reade in writing "Masks and Faces." His miscellaneous works include: "Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon," three volumes, 1853; "Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, with Pictures in Words, by Mr. Tom Taylor," 1862; "Ballads and Songs of Brittany," 1865. He died July 12.

Thackeray, William Makepeace.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Thorpe, Rose Hartwick (1850—).—If this author had written nothing but "Curfew Must not Ring To-Night," her fame would have been secured. Few pieces have enjoyed the popularity that this poem has. She was born at Mishawaka, Indiana, July 18. At the age of 21 she was married to Edmund C. Thorpe, of Michigan. Although Mrs. Thorpe began writing at an early age, her first sketch did not appear till she was 18. In 1870 "Curfew Must not Ring To-Night" was published in the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser*, and

was at once widely copied and read. Since then she has written many excellent things, though her pen has not been prolific, on account of delicate health. She has written several successful stories that have been published in book form, and her poems have been collected in a volume entitled "Ringing Ballads."

Ward, Mrs. Herbert D. (1844—).—This writer is known almost exclusively by her maiden and pen-name of "Elizabeth Stuart Phelps." She was born at Andover, Mass., August 13. Her great interest in temperance has been shown in many of her writings, notably in the charming brochure, "Jack, the Fisherman." In 1888 she was married to the Rev. H. D. Ward. Her work is distinctly original in design and treatment, and she has always commanded a large and interested audience. Of her several works, special mention should be made of: "Ellen's Idol," 1864; "Gates Ajar," 1868; "Men Women and Ghosts," 1869; "The Trotty Book," 1870; "Old Maids' Paradise," 1879; "Songs of the Silent World," 1885; "Come Forth," 1890; "The Master of the Magicians," 1890, written in collaboration with her husband.

Wilcox, Mrs. Robert M.—To a large extent Mrs. Wilcox, or "Ella Wheeler Wilcox," as she is more familiarly known, has followed a school of her own in writing. She was born at Johnstown, Wis., and educated at the University of Wisconsin. In 1884 she was married and came to New York, where she has since resided. She is the author of "Maurine, and Other Poems," 1882; "Poems of Passion," 1883; "Mal Moulee," a novel, 1885; "Poems of Pleasure," 1888.

Wilde, Oscar (1856—).—An Irishman, born October 16, who was noted for eccentricity of dress, manner and speech. He came to this country as an apostle of the beautiful in dress and decoration, and, while ridiculed by many, he had a numerous following and really did a good work in calling attention to people's love of display, regardless of congruity. In 1881 a volume of poems by him appeared. He has now retired from the lecture field and is devoting himself to literature. The extract from his play, "Guido Ferranti," by which he is represented in this collection, shows ability and strength. It is a fair sample of the entire text of the play, and though some of the lines are not as smooth as could be desired, they have a ruggedness that is pleasing. "Guido Ferranti" was produced by Lawrence Barrett just before his death."

Wilkins, Mary Eleanor.—None of the younger writers have been more cordially accepted than has this New England girl, whose unique and touching stories and sketches have endeared her to many. She was born in Randolph, Mass., and here she has spent the greater part of her life. She is descended from the old Puritan colonists. She began by writing poems and stories for children. Eight years ago she won a prize of $50 for a story entitled "A Humble Romance," which, with other sketches, was published in book form in 1887. This was followed by other equally pleasing stories. A collection of writings has recently appeared entitled "A New England Nun." Her stories are studies of life, many being drawn from real counterparts. She says that she "likes people who drop their g's and use the double negative, and people who don't." Except the early loss of both parents, her life has thus far been uneventful.

Wright, Ernest Vincent (1871—).—This young author is a native of Boston, educated in the public schools. Later he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His writing has been chiefly of a humorous character, but only a little has been printed. Many of his pieces have been written specially for recitation.

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